THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Sunday, Oct. 17, 1937

Songs That Will Live Forever

A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive

My Wild Irish Rose

By Chauncey Olcott

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flow'r that grows,
You may search ev'rywhere, but none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.

—Copyright, 1899, by M. Witmark & Sons.

The Pelican Artist's Model That Struck For More Pay

"Moses," the Pelican That Settled Down to Some Amiable Posing After the Sculptor Had Met His Demand For More Fish

Sculptor Hunnes and His Assistant, Miss Allie Mae Kitchens, Carefully Measuring "Moses" in Order to Get an Accurate Reproduction of Him in Clay

WHEN Moses, the posing pelican of Miami, Florida, recently staged a one-bird strike for more pay, he took indignant exception to the old catch phrase that a pelican's bill holds more than his belly can. With his heavy beak and disgruntled looks he made it very plain to sculptor Ralph H. Hunnes, who was modeling him in clay, that the world's first pelican member of the models' profession was entitled to one whole pint fish per hour instead of a half fish which didn't even bounce on its swift journey down his gullet.

Moses so named because he was captured in the rushes on Lower Matecumbe, a mangrove key 12 miles south of Miami, is a magnificent specimen of pelican. When Mr. Hunnes, whose sculptures of fish and animal life have won many prizes, and his assistant, Miss Allie Mae Kitchens, secured permission from the Florida Game commissioner to capture a live bird so that it could be modeled life-size with every measurement accurate, they immediately made up their minds that they wanted Moses.

There are a lot of pelicans living on Lower Matecumbe but Moses, from a standpoint of height, proportion and length of bill was the finest of them all. He would make a perfect model, Mr. Hunnes decided, if he could be caught and made to pose.

Catching the pelican wasn't difficult. When Moses trustingly accepted a small fish which Mr. Hunnes threw to him from a boat, he found to his surprise that the tail of that fish was tied to a line and he, himself, was being roped in.

He was too surprised to be indignant then and when Miss Kitchens petted him gently and tickled him under his heavy coat of grey and white feathers he was lulled into a false sense of security that disappeared when Mr. Hunnes placed him on a small dais in his studio and started to model him in clay.

Moses stood still for a few minutes then his long bill opened and closed in a decisive snap which clearly said: "Give me a fish, or else."

Mr. Hunnes, who has modeled many birds and animals, immediately remembered his experience with a bear cub that posed for him last year and threw half a fish full to Moses. The pelican opened and closed again. There wasn't even a gulp as the morsel disappeared.

The sculptor went back to his work and the pelican remained on the dais only shifting about occasionally as if he realized that he was posing.

An hour passed. Mr. Hunnes took a coat of calipers and approached the pelican to measure the length of his bill. Moses watched him warily. He let himself be scratched under the feathers by Miss Kitchens and stood still while his head was being measured. Then, as Mr. Hunnes started to measure his bill, Moses whipped him with his bill flew at the clay model, beating it with his wings and then calmly turned his back as if to say that he wanted nothing more to do with sculptors or studios. He was striking for more fish.

Mr. Hunnes complied but with only half of a pint fish and the pelican decided to become more cooperative. He stood for his measurements of his head, neck and body on the dais and the accepted pint basket of fish. At the end of another hour Mr. Hunnes threw him a whole fish and, at the end of the same hour's sitting, in front of his clay model to protect it in case the bird decided to get temperamental again.

But that time Moses didn't pretend. He shuffled around a bit on his long feet, shook out his wings to a pelican stretch and then settled back. It was as if he had said: "Okay. You keep your end of the bargain with a decent supply of fish and I'll pose for you."

From then on the pelican's pay was raised to a fish an hour. He proved to be a patient model and sniffier. Mr. Hunnes and Miss Kitchens had the supreme trouble in having his beak-opening exercise in front of his face. Moses, who is now nearly finished after two months of work, is said to be one of the most accurate models ever made of a living bird.

When completed, Moses will be taken back to the mangrove key where he was captured and he will roost. In the meantime Mr. Hunnes has built him a large aviary-screened pen equipped with a pool of salt water, a feeding trough and a nesting water where he may sleep and enjoy himself when not posing.

One of Moses' favorite pastimes when not posing is playing with an India rubber frog which Miss Kitchens gave him as a toy. When the frog was first placed in his pen, Miss Kitchens put a small piece of fish in front of it and watched to see what the bird's reaction would be.

Moses looked at the fish for a moment, then at the frog. Then, apparently reached over with his long bill and gulped down the fish. Then, as if convinced that the frog was harmless, took a morsel in his front mandible, tossed it in the air and tried to swallow the frog. He failed. It spoiled the pen with his bill.

He has become so tame as a result, and grown so fond of his sculptor friends that they have been known to eat on their knees from the same dish as Moses and that same Moses stops his job as a model at once.

One Sea Serpent That Didn't Scare Anybody

THE PEOPLE of ancient times believed in sea serpents. Mariners back from their voyaging told hair-raising tales of fearsome serpents that sailed over through the green water and swam from island to island. And the myth that such brutes inhabit the earth breaks out now and then even in these enlightened times. Remember the furore about the Loch Ness Monster which was supposed to rise every so often from the inland waters of a remote lake in Scotland?

Not long ago the good people of Long Beach, California, were the happy victims of a sea serpent scare that delighted them no end and all the visitors to the Pacific Coast resort who came to watch the antics at the community's annual aquatic circus.

This marine dragon, shown in the accompanying photograph, didn't even send nervous youngsters running to their mother and it did draw a crowd of admiring mates so close to the brute's serpentine coils that alert policemen shooed them away for the good of the show and the thirty-two bathing beauties who made up the "critter."

Fearless cameramen snapped many a closeup of the serpent without batting an eye. In fact, they carried on spirited conversation with some of the segments of the delightful dragon and are said to have asked it for such things as home addresses and telephone numbers.

As a final fillip to the performance of the composite animal, the pretty girls composing it wound their way to the water's edge and, one by one, broke loose to swim in the general direction of the horizon. With this maneuver the menace to the peace of Long Beach vanished.

A Sea "Monster" Made Up of 32 California Beauties Who Were the Hit of the Long Beach Aquatic Circus

Midget Machines That Travel English Highways

PERHAPS the most amusing piece of rolling stock to be found in the British Isles is a miniature bicycle owned by A. C. Tubb, a resident of Kidderminster. This Mr. Tubb is a clock cyclist and something of a mechanic. The wheel he is shown riding in the photograph at the right is only twenty inches high and seventeen inches long. It seems too small for anyone, including a midget, to pedal. But Mr. Tubb does it and challenges anyone in the world to keep upright on a smaller bicycle.

Many people have tried to duplicate the man's stunt of riding the world's smallest bike but only one other human has been able to pedal it along the ground for more than a few feet—and this fellow used to be a trick rider on a vaudeville stage.

Just as remarkable as its size is the midget automobile seen sliding along beside the front wheel of an omnibus. Although this machine, one of the tiniest working motor cars in the world, has made a tour of England, it really belongs in Glasgow, Scotland, and is the property of one Edward Whiteside.

This car hasn't a regular automobile engine but a motorcycle engine which is surprisingly economical on gasoline. It gets more than three times the mileage of even the smallest standard stretch and then settled back. It was as if he had said: "Okay. You keep your end of the bargain with a decent supply of fish and I'll pose for you."

From then on the pelican's pay was raised to a fish an hour. He proved to be a patient model and sniffier. Mr. Hunnes and Miss Kitchens had the supreme trouble in having his beak-opening exercise in front of his face. Moses, who is now nearly finished after two months of work is said to be one of the most accurate models ever made of a living bird.

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The Scotch machine has seats for a driver and one passenger and although the seats are comfortable, there isn't any room to spare. Special steel springs take up the shocks of the road and the steering wheel is unusually big in proportion to the rest of the machine to make steering at high speed easier and safer.

Mr. Tubb thinks it would be thoroughly lovely if a combat could be arranged between himself and the pick of the French miniature cyclists.

A. C. Tubb of Kidderminster, England, Showing Off the World's Smallest Working Bike, Which He Built Himself. The Midget Machine Is 17 Inches Long and Only 9 Inches High

Dance-Floor Behavior Key to Character

ACCORDING to the dictionary, eurythmics is one of the fine arts and relates to "just or harmonious movement." But to Miss Laura Roberts, director for the Dalcroze School of Eurythmics where dancing is taught, the word is more than a highbrow description of trucking, the bunny hug and other modern variations of Terpsichore. She believes that she can tell character by the way a dancer lifts his or her feet and swings hips on the dance floor. Just the way some so-called experts can tell by the bumps on a head by the hands on a palm.

It seems to be either a gift or one of the newest offshoots of this age of specialization, for not even Miss Roberts is clear about it all.

Eurythmics is one of those things you can't describe," she said when asked about her new method of reading character. "It is a study of music through movement and is concerned with the relation of sound with space and proportion. How one reacts when dancing, schools people's sense of rhythm and the quality of the dancer. After I see eurythmics students to practice two or three times, I can tell almost everything about their life, environment and personality.

To one unfamiliar with the system, I was able to see the loss of a job and the ability of the pupil to get along with other people simply by her defensive mechanisms and involuntary movements of isolation when she was working in a group.

Miss Roberts thus far has refused to eurythmitize a wall-flower and reveal the results.

When Stolen Kisses Cost $50 Each

SOONER or later almost every judge who spends years on the bench is called upon to decide the value of a kiss. There is, of course, no set value on this intimate gesture of love or something akin to the tender emotion, and the judicial job demands the wisdom of a Solomon.

The current price in Croydon, England, seems to be about $50 per stolen kiss and the quotation is based on a recent ruling by one Judge Hayden. Before him came a good looking young school teacher named Nelly Frances Howarth complaining that her landlord, when he entered her room with a receipt for her rent, waived overly familiar and despite her strenuous objections, kissed her twice right on her maidenly lips.

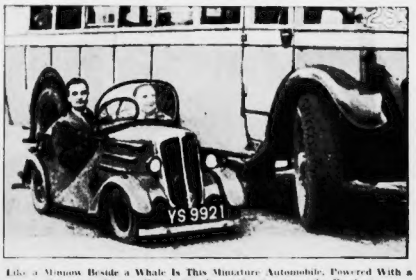
The man, according to the story told by the comely schoolma'am, went further and spoke of the blue sheets on her bed and how refreshing she must look reclining between them. But his campaign netted him nothing more exciting than a couple of uncooperative kisses.

Judge Hayden, however, felt that injury had been done the young woman who testified that she was so terrified she hardly knew what to do or say. He ruled that the harm was of the sort calling for financial redress and issued a warning against other amorous males who might be haled into his court for similar liberties.

That," pronounced the judge as he gazed steadily at the shamefaced landlord, "was an assault of the kind a lady is entitled to resent. I award her ten guineas (about $50) for each improper insult."

In France where similar types of kiss cases have occasionally been brought into court and the defendant fined for kissing the culprit has invariably lifted his hat to the lady and said gallantly: "Ah! But mademoiselle, it was worth it!"

The English landlord didn't feel that way about it, however. He just scowled at Miss Howarth, paid the fine, retired to his country seat where he sat and sulked.



Like a Minnow Beside a Whale Is This Miniature Automobile, Powered With a Motorcycle Engine Which Can Drive the Car Over the Road at a Speed of 50 Miles an Hour.

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A Whole World of Metal Men?

A Distinguished German Scientist's Vision of a New Civilization of Robots Made Alive by Light and Sound to Replace Humanity

BERLIN (by U. P. cable).—"SPEAKING parenthetically," remarks the last robot to survive the civilization which man is making to replace the dwindling crop of babies, would crack along to a heap of antiquities the crudities of his defunct friends.

That somewhat inverted piece of fancy would bring the curtain on the only disease which could possibly afflict a mechanical man. Rust.

Thus wrote the distinguished German scientist of a generation ago, Professor Dr. Schmidt, as he contemplated a long-forgotten book on a robot civilization which has recently been resurrected and assumed extremely new importance with the men who make war a business. In the last twenty years a steadily quickening machine has been destruction and perfection which may lead to the destruction of the human race. As fast as inventions, manufacturers, gas and explosives grow more effective wars and men must make themselves fit for the struggles and grueling hardships of modern warfare. Thus the human beings may be saved for the more important task of making machines.

But Professor Dr. Schmidt saw the possibility of escaping the necessity of human beings altogether. He envisaged a world in which there would be no human beings at all, in which there would be only robots, and in which robots would make other robots. Then there would be no more wars, no more destruction, no more human misery. Robots would not have to be fed, clothed, housed or amused. They would not have to be taught to read or write. They would not have to be taught to think. They would be born with the knowledge of their functions and duties. They would be born with the knowledge that they were robots and that they were the only robots in the world.

Farms and farms of robots will be sprouted by robots and robot boring shop into the earth. Huge factories and robot robots with the knowledge of their functions and duties. They would be born with the knowledge that they were robots and that they were the only robots in the world.

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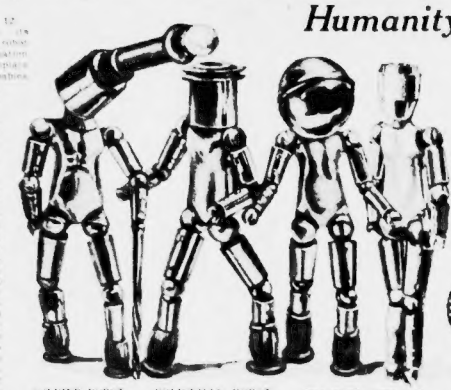


SOLDIER ROBOT Armed With the Latest Instruments of Destruction, the Soldier Head-gear Is a Death Ray.

POLICEMAN ROBOT Its Head Contains a Complete Short-Wave Receiving Set Controlled from Police Headquarters.

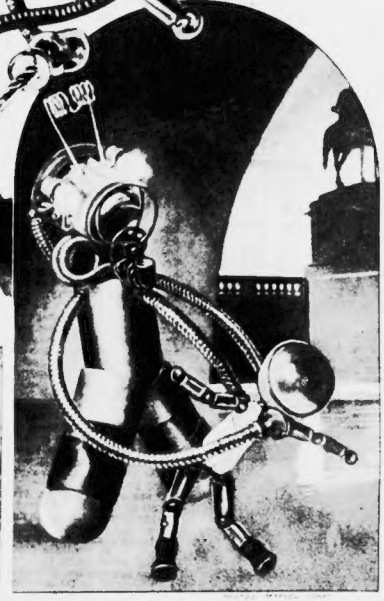
TEACHER ROBOT Its Round Steel Head Is Crammed With Facts Which It Can Never Forget or Mix Up.

SERVANT ROBOT Designed to Do All Household Drudgery. Its Arms Can Be Turned Into Vacuum Cleaners.

MECHANICAL ROBOT. A Metal Octopus Which Combines All Tools and Carries Its "Brains" in the Parrot-Snout Pincer-Shaped Head.

ROBOT DE LUXE. His Mechanism Is Conceived as the Master of All the Lesser Worker Robots by a Delicate Control System Based on Light and Sound Waves.

A Policeman Robot and a Teacher Robot Lead the Last Man to a Reservation for These Inferior Savages, the Members of the Human Race.



Fight Between a Robot De Luxe and a Rebellious, Striking Worker-Robot, as Pieced by the Brilliant European Photographer, Lhac.

The Last Robot, Attacked by Ram Humanity's Avenger, Sinks Down on the Scrap Heap of Disintegrating Bodies of His Kind, Victim of Rust, the Only Disease to Which the Mechanical Men Are Subject.

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Newest Title in U.S. Royalty—Queen of the Trout Friers

Miss Jone Ring, the Pretty Queen of Oregon Trout Friers, With the Skillet Which Serves As Her Scepter.

Skill at Cooking Mountain Trout.

The Judges—Three Men Who Know How Fried Trout Should Taste—Presumably Closed Their Eyes to the Coneliness of the Contestants and Let Their Palates Be Their Guide.

The Trout Frying Contest on the Shore of Lake Timalo, Oregon, in Which 20 Young Women, Each With Her Own Campfire and Skillet, Matched Their Culinary Skill at Cooking Mountain Trout.

EVERY year America has a new crop of curiously titled royalty. There have been Sixteen Queens, Princesses of Apple, Potato, Potato Queens, Citrus Fruit Empresses and Onion Queens, just to mention a few. The latest addition to this unusual aristocracy is Miss Jone Ring, an attractive young woman who bears the title of Queen of Trout Friers.

The Queens had her royalty conferred upon her as a result of an odd contest which recently was staged at Timalo Lake, in the Oregon mountains. It may just be possible that some enterprising press agent, after inhaling the bracing mountain air, combing the picturesque peaks, noting in the hearty meals and lusty appetites of their lumberjack lads, summoned to himself "What a place to crown a Queen of Trout Friers!" but then, one must not be too suspicious. After all, there are large trout in Timalo Lake and the Queen might just as well have been crowned there as any place else.

It appears that way out West men are not only meat but darn good cooks, and proud of it. Any man that can't turn out a succulent flapjack, a juicy hot steak, a tempting barbecue or an appetizing fried trout isn't a real he-man. Not only are they as proud of these accomplishments as the old-time westerner formerly was of the notches on his six-gun, but they also believe that camp-fire cooking isn't a woman's business at all.

"They burn their fingers, they burn the food, they even burn the forests," we believe that the cowpoke wrote in answer to some dame who had a touchy sportsman unfairly to restrict their cooking activities to purely domestic scenes.

Naturally, some of the women began to resent it. Jone Ring was among them to a point at which they decided that something had to be done about it, and a trout-frying contest was the natural outcome.

Invitations to twenty girls not to exceed twenty-one years of age went out and the rules. If each girl was given a frying pan, a pat of butter, a freshly-caught trout and enough wood to make her own fire. The winner would prove she was a good cook, provided the resulting fried trout tasted good, wouldn't it?

Some of the girls even suggested that they add snack suppers on their way to the contest, the smoke of the camp-fire supplying some flavor to any and their eyes to bestow strokes, but they were ruled down. It wasn't to be a beauty contest in any form, the majority decided. The basic recipes allowed were not to be influenced by curves and smiles, even if the 20 contestants were among the prettiest girls in Oregon. The trout must speak for itself, or rather taste for itself.

And so the contest was held according to the rules that had been laid out. The contestants took their places on the shore of Timalo Lake closely watched by three male judges all noted epicures and connoisseurs of fried trout.

Then a score of camp fires were blazing merrily and twenty fresh-caught trout were soon sizzling in as many pans. Presently a tempting aroma was wafted gently above the quiet blue waters of Timalo Lake and drifted across the rocky hills and wooded ridges, causing many appreciative sniffs and loosened those belts a few notches in anticipation.

Then, one at a time, the contestants filed slowly past the table where the three judges sat with knives and forks. Each of the judges tasted every trout and, from the offering of the first contestant to the last, they allowed generously that the girls were pretty darn good trout friers.

Miss Ring was the twentieth contestant to appear before the judges, but in spite of the fact that by this time there was no full of trout that they doubted the last one was any better than the others, so full of trout that they doubted the last one was any better than the others, so full of trout that they had to admit that her offering was the most appetizing of the lot.

All three of the lucky judges declared that while Miss Ring is undoubtedly a very attractive girl, her looks don't enter into the picture. Her trout was the best, and that's all there is to it.

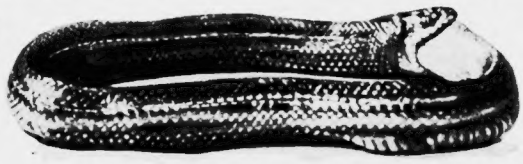
The contest was most satisfactory to everyone concerned. The girls felt that they had proved conclusively that they were good cooks, and the judges had their fill of trout, and very possibly some ingenious press agent obtained a lot of pictures of pretty girls in a setting of natural beauty. They the trout didn't enjoy the occasion.

The Snake That Tried to Eat Itself

CURATOR R. MARLIN PERKINS of the St. Louis Zoological Park is probably the only scientist who has ever had the misfortune to try to eat itself and to photograph the unusual serpentine event, as the accompanying picture shows.

The reptile, a California King snake, had availed himself of a considerable portion of the tail of Curator Perkins' pet rattler, and, burned to get a camera, was working on the picture. Very shortly after the picture was taken the snake discovered its own tail and was none the worse for its experience.

"On examination it was discovered that the snake's backbone was broken and its tail paralyzed, which accounts for it not realizing that it was swallowing itself. The fracture was about midway down the snake's body and it took as much as a eight curvature just in front of the snake's head to bring the tail within reach of its mouth," Curator Perkins explained.



Remarkable Photograph of a California King Snake Making the Error of Trying to Consume Itself. The Mistake Came About Because the Reptile's Backbone Was Broken and It Had No Feeling in Its Tail.

A week after the picture was taken the snake died.

According to Mr. Perkins there is a good deal more to the capture of a snake than meets the eye. His assistant, Monty Lenta, while a student at an Arkansas college, lost several weeks for the purpose of research purposes. One of them tried to eat itself, apparently for the same reason that the California King snake did. He was bit and swallowed it under the impression that it was another snake. Since there was no feeling in its own body.

Mr. Lenta did not have a camera handy, however, and no picture was taken of the oddity.

Horse That Fooled Millions

UNTIL Peggy Bridge, one of Australia's outstanding race horses, became freaky after a track workout one morning when his picture was being taken, he was considered a pretty fast horse. But when his picture appeared in the English newspapers and in periodicals in Europe, he suddenly became famous as a freak and millions of people who had never seen him in the flesh became curious as to how a two-legged horse could win races.

Peeley Bridge has four perfectly good legs, of course, but from the photograph at the right one would never think so. It just happened that as he chose to kick up both his hind legs at the very second that the photographer took his picture and from the odd angle of the photograph the effect is that of a two-legged horse.

At first when the picture was published locally in Australia where people had seen Peeley Bridge in the flesh, his owner was amused by the comments which the race track fraternity made. He bore such comments as, "Well, I see you're economizing on your horse shoe bills this year," and "Are those two missing legs an aids for not winning that last race?"

But when he began to get letters and wires from curiously, strangers and curious individuals in Europe and America he became annoyed. Some of those messages offered to buy the horse for exhibition purposes. Others asked foolish questions. One curious reader in Manchester, England, even suggested that Peeley Bridge waited on his front feet by balancing his hindquarters and with the help of his tail and waited to know if the horse would still be able to accomplish this feat if his tail was cropped.

As for Peeley Bridge himself, he still munches his hay and oats calmly while standing on all four feet and is unconcerned with the fact that his frisk ness has fooled millions and caused his owner a lot of annoyance.

It is said that the horse's owner finally had a form letter printed in order to save everyone who wrote him about the "freak" which happened to be a nearly perfect animal.

When This Photograph of Peeley Bridge, One of Australia's Outstanding Race Horses, Was Made the Horse Kicked and, in an Odd Way, Hid Its Hind Legs From the Camera So That He Seemed to Be an Equine Freak.

Believe It or Not, They're Learning How to Ski

THE unhappiest person in the world is no longer a skier in the summertime since an American put a ski enthusiast to go through the motions of skiing on odd-shaped skates.

During the past few years skiing has become one of the most popular of winter sports and the sale of skis and ski equipment last winter reached the highest point in the history of the industry. There was only one trouble, however. One needed snow on which to ski and last year the snowfall in certain sections of Europe and America proved a great disappointment to followers of the sport.

Many devices were tried by the skiers on both continents to make up for the lack of sufficient snow. In some resorts snow was shipped in trainload lots and artificial ski trails and ski jumps built.

But during the past summer, in the very midst of a hot spell Austrian skiers suddenly revived their interest in the sport when the "pair-wheels" appeared on the market. As may be seen in the picture at the right, they are not like roller skates. The size of the wheels and the angle at which they are set make the wearer go through the motion of skiing, using the identical leg motion and bringing the same muscles into play that one uses when actually skiing.

These Vienna Girls Are Pedaling "Pair Wheels," to Perfect Their Balance and Technique for Next Winter's Skiing.

"Test Tube Babies" for China?

WHEN Dr. Amos Wong, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh recently told members of the medical profession that China could be built into a stronger nation by breeding "test-tube babies," he advanced a theory that interests eugenists throughout the world.

Although some coolies are capable of carrying heavy loads for long distances and showing other unusual feats of strength and endurance, the average Chinese man, physically, does not measure up to the men of many of the stronger nations of the world. Improper diet, unhealthy living conditions and many other factors are responsible for the fact that a large proportion of Chinese men are too poor in physique and animal energy to produce healthy offspring. The average native has a life expectancy of only 35 years.

"Thus the fundamental health of our youth is not up to standard," Dr. Wong says, and points out that artificial insemination might well be used by the Chinese on a nationwide scale.

Dr. Wong would like to select the healthiest Chinese men and women for breeding babies. Eugenists point out that while the next generation would show some improvement under the "test-tube baby" method, it would be the second, third and fourth generations following in which the strength of the race would really be built up.

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Perils of Broadway Beauties in Foreign Lands

Gaby Leslie Came Home Steerage Because She Wouldn't Strip in South America; Diana Raye Returned Heart-Broken Because She Couldn't Strip in London; Mary Clark Fought in Defense of Her Shoulder Strap in Paris, and Thais La Pe Was Shanghaied

Sandra Ramkeim Who Went on a Chorus Girls' Strike in London

Gaby Leslie, Victim of the South American Slave Traders' Wiles

Phyllis Cameron Whose Tragic Journeyings Led to a Divorce Suit

The French Police Made No Objection to Joan Warner Appearing in This Scanty Costume as the Venus de Milo—but When She Wore No More Than That in Her Fan Dance, They Arrested Her.

There Was Miss Clark Down in the Alley in Her Nightie and, of Course, the Gallant Frenchman Misunderstood Her Gestures of Appeal for Something Else. And Thus Ended the Second Round of Her Defense of Her Shoulder Strap When Mr. Tyng Came Bounding to Her Rescue.

THE [illegible] seems to be more [illegible] than a modern Broadway beauty can find adventure enough in her own country that she must go looking for it in foreign countries, in much the same manner as the confidence game sucker deserves the simple country rustics.

Gaby Leslie, well-known Broadway dancer who knows her way around such places as Paris and Monte Carlo, has just returned to these shores from what she calls "a nightmare in South America." The reason Gaby and the other Broadway girls who were with her suffered an unholy fix (perhaps because they were all too preoccupied trying to get a "mutual turnabout" exists, which Hoofy Wagner, orchestra leader of the Club Mayfair in New York, inserted in their contracts. This interesting paragraph reads as follows:

As an inducement for signing this contract, she will not use or partake of illegal opiates, drugs and liquor, and will not engage in any amour or affair, nor associate with any person of the foreign country in such fashion as to bring discredit upon the show she is employed. She will refrain from making any disturbance of the peace and shall in no way or manner violate the moral code."

Nobody seems to have accepted that the girls did not go to their native land but that they went to their native sex disarming. Gaby relates that they landed in style at Bogota where she was slated to star six weeks at the Municipal Theatre. They received the salaries for the first two weeks but at the end of the third week of cash, were given the following explanation:

The senoritas must know that the theatre is subsidized by the Colombian Government and as President Gomez is a very rarely man, he is so graft, so he is slow to see what he is not paid until he has scrutinized the payroll. Unfortunately our President is on vacation and nothing can be paid until he returns."

It took them a week to discover that President [illegible] was full of baloney when [illegible] was just [illegible] pumping of enthusiasm as Mary was only too sure of the drop of his silk hat, that this was the answer either to one of the most fervent prayers or equally fervent [illegible]. Dawning at his eye on the same [illegible] that had attracted Tyng, Mary's [illegible] straight strap, and went after it with true Gallic spirit.

But this was no [illegible] was a French [illegible] as [illegible] Mary was [illegible] Tyng [illegible] Mary [illegible] Mary [illegible] Mary

Quit His "Bargain Bride" For Books

LOVE has been called an education, but Charles Napolitano, of Syracuse, New York, doesn't seem to have thought so. What he wanted more than anything else, aside from a soft word, was a college education. Recently he asked the courts to annul his marriage to Mary Cosentino because he didn't get it. The action is one of the most unusual ever to have been put forward for ending man and wife.

According to the testimony, Mary and her family promised to pay the tuition and also give him $30 a week for expenses, provided he would marry her. This was a real temptation to Napolitano at the time it was offered in 1934. He accepted the bargain, but by the same token has now been able to annul his matrimonial bonds in order to go to college.

For four years before he married Mary and Napolitano, he had been pointed to a marriage prospect. From the day they met, the girl began to pursue him with attentions that, while they were not welcomed, at least seemed tolerable at the time, according to his testimony. But on the stand before Supreme Court in New York State he asserted that some time he had lost all faith in his self-and in womankind.

In his case, the usually contemptible thing he had been a bargain high school graduate. The weakest fact was his admission on record that he had been granted a year's leave of absence from Syracuse University after graduation. But it was Polly, the girl's roommate, who "knocked" it. "I certainly would not waste time in a love school," he declared.

Naturally, it was a thing of low esteem to get on to the campus. It was at the time he was debunking ways and means of working his way through college he said, that matrimony was offered to him not as a way to sacrifice ambition, but as a way to fulfill it and secure the college course that he needed.

It was the young man's assertion that Mary's parents

Pointing Out That His In-Laws Had Promised to Finance His Education if He Married Their Daughter, Napolitano Accused Them of Breaking Their Contract and Shouted, "I Want My Freedom." He got It

entered into the alleged contract in the presence of his parents. He told how they expected to pay for everything—tuition, clothes, food and incidentals. It seemed too good to be true, but there it was. No sooner was Napolitano torn between love and ambition, those both were possible at this early time. He was able to kill two birds with the stone as the saying goes, and as the pair of them were married. But they were destined not to live happily ever after.

What happened, Napolitano said in court, was that shortly afterwards he and his wife moved to Buffalo. Then, he made ready to enroll at college. He did enroll, or at least he consider and registration to all he homogenous possible, but of course Napolitano did not fail to find that Mary was constantly expressed by Christina Rossetti, English poetess of the last century, what she wrote that "knowledge is strong but love is sweet." The honeymoon was over.

Then the disagreement fell for Mary and her family refused to keep their promise to finance the course. The youth was forced to go to work to support his wife, he testified. That was what came of trying to "eat your cake and have it too," as the proverb might have warned him.

Here he was not able to save in the course with what he earned, much less attend it while he was working. It looked like the end of Napolitano's hopes only as time went on he felt more and more that he had been a deeply injured party. At last he was convinced unable to contain his chagrin any longer, and left his wife.

As if to add insult to injury, Mary entered a court plea for separation from her husband. According to her the trouble stemmed that Napolitano had asserted her was cruel and inhuman. It was charged in her affidavit, moreover, that her husband took an interest in other women.

Then it was that Napolitano entered a reply and a counter suit to his wife's plea. He had married the girl because he believed in her family's promises, according to the brief presented in court. The document added that if the representations had not been made in fact he would not have consented to the said marriage. For Napolitano did not feel about the Oswego beauty as Antony felt about Cleopatra, that the world is well lost for love.

Papa Cosentino, an Oswego fruit and vegetable dealer, denied that he had ever made such an agreement as his son-in-law described, and Mary backed up her father's denial. It was a difficult problem for Justice James T. Cross to settle. Is a "platform promise" made before marriage a cause for annulment when not carried out?

Napolitano clearly felt that it was and he told the judge so. "I want my freedom," he said on the stand. "I want to return to school and finish my education. I want to be a young man again." Mary's attorney was quick to ask whether he wanted to be at liberty to marry somebody else.

But Charles was soured on the subject of love. "I never want to see a woman again as my wife," he declared. The court shortly afterwards handed down the decision. Apparently this was one time when the courts believed that for an ambitious young man, "wedlock is padlock," and is best opened in the name of the law. They gave Charles the annulment he asked for.

Branded A Killer By Poison Ivy At The Scene Of The Crime

THE wedding guests at St. Anthony's Church in St. Louis were gossiping restlessly. The hour set for the ceremony had passed. The organ played the wedding tune over and over again but the bride and groom did not appear. Slowly the church emptied.

At last home the prospective bride, Irene Traub, sat weeping. Finally she decided to go for herself why Bill Kaspar hadn't shown up. As he was quite wedding finery, she went to his apartment a scant few blocks away.

A strange sight met her eyes there. Nearly prostrate, the bridegroom's wedding suit was laid out on the bed which had either been recently made or not slept in the night before. Through the bathroom door Irene saw the tub half-filled with water. On the floor of the bedroom a number of cigarette butts had been strained. This puzzled Irene, for she knew that Bill didn't smoke.

Then she noticed the ivy leaves. They brought a chilling fear the evening newspapers still there. It had of the finding of the body of an unidentified man in a se-

Determined Homecoming That the Body Had Been Found in a Flower Pot Full of Poison Ivy Verified the Young Man's Fears. He Ran Amok. Finally He Broke Down and Gave His Version of the Murder

cured, a variety of poison ivy was found on the body. Irene knew that Bill was deathly afraid of the plant, for he had once told her that he had been forced to undergo a painful treatment for it.

Then she remembered that witnesses had seen a man answering Bill's description in the vicinity of the spot where the body was found. Irene knew that Bill was going to marry her for the insurance money. He would probably gain even his insurance by his suicide. Mrs. Porter had also said that Bill had a brother and would give no light hundred dollars out of the insurance money.

Mrs. Porter demanded that witnesses be summoned who had seen her at the theatre she was supposed to have taken Bill to the night the body was found. She could be found who had seen her at her Gaumont Nineties that night.

Meanwhile the police started looking for the missing man but they were unable to find a trace of him. Then a third fact was added to the case. Bill had left his home the night they had taken Bill for a ride.

It is this time that Bill's landlady was called to the witness stand and asked if he had complained of the odor. When she replied that he had not, she was asked if she had noticed any ivy leaves in the room. Again she replied that she had not.

Then Irene Traub was called to the stand. She told how she had gone to Bill's apartment on the day of the wedding and found him absent. She told how she had noticed the bathtub half filled with water and the cigarette butts on the floor. She told how she had noticed the ivy leaves and how Bill had told her that he was afraid of the plant.

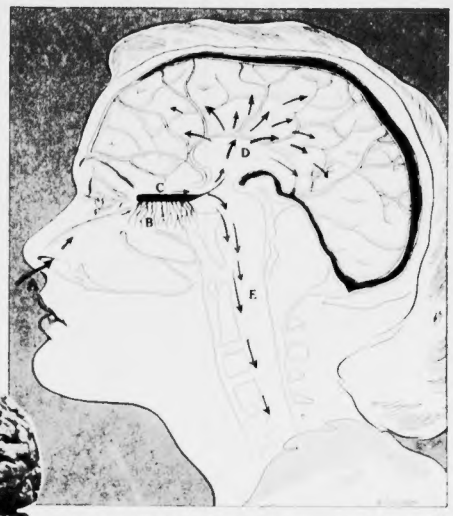
Then Irene told how Bill had left her apartment the night before the wedding. He had said he was going to get a shave. He had also said that he was going to get a haircut. He had also said that he was going to get a shave. He had also said that he was going to get a haircut. He had also said that he was going to get a shave. He had also said that he was going to get a haircut. He had also said that

Strange Discoveries About the Dreaded "Sleeping Sickness"

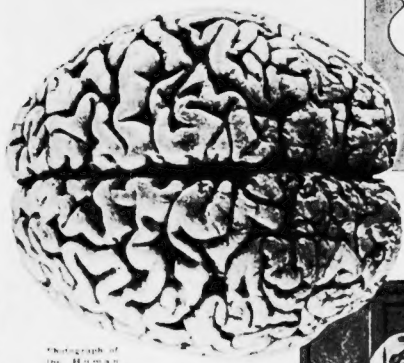
The Recent St. Louis Epidemic Tests What Doctors Know and Don't Know About the Wicked and Changeable Germ That Leaves Some Victims Sleeping for Years and Turns Others Into Mental Wrecks---But an Humble Bulgarian Druggist Finds Herbs That Promise Many Cures

Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Jr., One of the Notable Victims of the "Sleeping Sickness," Who Died After a Brief Illness

Patricia Maguire, the Oak Park, Illinois, Girl Who Died After Sleeping More Than Five and One Half Years--a Victim of One of the Strangest Diseases Known to Medicine



(A) Nostril, Port of Entry of the Virus or Germs of Infantile Paralysis and, Most Probably, of Its Allied Disease Encephalitis Lethargica or "Sleeping Sickness." (B) Nerve Filaments Issuing Through Small Holes in the Floor of the Skull Along These Filaments to the Olfactory Lobe (C) the Disease-Bearing Organisms Travel to (D) the Deep-Seated Centers of the Brain From Which They Attack the Whole Brain Structure and When They Affect the Cortex or Outlying Gray Cell Layer Produce the Symptoms of Sleep. It Is Known That the Agency of Poliomyelitis or Infantile Paralysis Finds Entry This Way but, Instead of Chiefly Affecting the Brain, Usually Travels Down the Spinal Cord at E, Producing the Paralysis.



Photograph of the Human Brain Showing the Cortex or Thin Outside Layer of Gray Cells Covering the Organ, Which the Germ or Virus of "Sleeping Sickness" Attacks

Little Eight-Year-Old Joe Huggins of Memphis, Tennessee, With His Aunt Praying at His Bedside. Although Joe's Eyes Were Open When This Picture Was Taken, They Saw Nothing for He, Too, Was a Victim of the Strange Disease Called "Sleeping Sickness."

The Transformation of the Good Dr. Jekyll Into the Evil Mr. Hyde in Robert Louis Stevenson's Famous Story, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Similar Changes Are Often Caused by the Germ of "Sleeping Sickness."

Illustration by N. C. Hulme Beaman in the Bodley Head Edition of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

VICTIMS of the dreaded sometimes intriguing, or sleeping sickness are given new hope by the recent discovery of an obscure Bulgarian druggist, a herb medicine made from certain herbs and which now is to be tried out on a large scale in an institution opened long ago in Sofia, Bulgaria, for the special purpose of forming a cure for other pests.

Asylums and hospitals for insane invariably do not want the world are caring for thousands of victims left by this disease with bodily or mental defects. Some are saved, or drop asleep at intervals without warning, even in the midst of a conversation, while driving a motor car. Others have disorders of speech or uncontrollable trembling of the muscles. Still others have suffered more or less severe damage to the brain.

An epidemic of sleeping sickness now is making trouble in St. Louis, and while the germs not to be the severest form of the disease that leaves the most serious effects, it is causing many deaths and is responsible for much local alarm.

It is for the tragic after effects of the more severe form of the disease that the new Bulgarian discovery promises to be especially important. For several years it has been known that large doses of the highly poisonous alkaloid called atropine sometimes help the sleeping sufferers, and especially those afflicted with trembling of the muscles. Atropine, however, is so poisonous that the necessary doses of it seldom are used. The Bulgarian cure for recovery is both safer and different.

Some months ago a druggist named Ivan Raeff got the idea of using instead of atropine a decoction of certain odd Bulgarian plants belonging to the same family as the deadly nightshade the plant that yields atropine. To everybody's surprise this decoction turned out to be even better than the atropine. Bulgarian physicians believe to be better than plants of the same species grown elsewhere.

No one knows why. Perhaps the plants contain some other material, still unknown, which aids the action of alkaloids such as atropine. Perhaps these other materials are developed especially well in Bulgarian soils or in the Bulgarian climate. All these matters are certain to be investigated, but meanwhile the British and other experts are going ahead at once to apply the Bulgarian decoction, pursuant to a recommendation by Ivan Raeff, to victims of after effects of the sleeping sickness.

A few days ago a member of the British Parliament, Sir Alfred Lasbury, purchased and endowed a sanitarium especially for this purpose, to be directed by Dr. F. J. Neuwahl, of Rochdale, a German-trained British physician largely responsible for that country's trial of the druggist's discovery.

Sleeping sickness has bulked large in the minds of health officers only since the World War. In 1917, in Austria, the distinguished mental specialist, Dr. Constantin von Economo, recognized the first cases seen in modern times. A few months later, French physicians independently recognized the disease behind the Allied lines. One by one other outbreaks showed up. Since about 1920 the disease has been found almost everywhere.

That the germ of the disease first appeared in 1917 out of nowhere is extremely improbable. One of the most dreaded diseases that have appeared commonly for centuries in the interior of China, where similar diseases are known to exist, but where modern health experts still are few and far between, so that the exact nature of a disease may go for years unrecognized. If the germ is of Chinese origin it is probable that it was brought to the lines of the fighting armies in France by coolies in the employ of the allied nations of Chinese and other Orientals employed at the time.

In any event, there probably have been earlier outbreaks even in Europe, possibly due to earlier emigrants from the East. In 1712 there broke out at Quedlinburg, in Germany a short-lived epidemic of a mysterious sickness the victims of which fell asleep. In 1890 and 1891 there occurred in Italy a similar epidemic of a mysterious disease called "coma," of which nothing more was heard in later years.

Between 1915 and 1920 the form of sleeping sickness increased rapidly in the United States. Asylum officials were alarmed over the numbers of sleeping or otherwise damaged persons brought back to be cared for. Health officials, something changed.

Accurate statistics are not available for the reason that many kinds of inflammation of the brain often are confused even by physicians with true sleeping sickness or encephalitis lethargica. But Dr. J. F. Leake of the United States Public Health Service, a leading expert in the study of these matters, believes that this and other sleeping sickness began to die out in the United States after 1923 and now is rare.

Ten years later, when there broke out in St. Louis the forerunner of the present epidemic, this at first was feared to be the former wartime enemy, but Dr. Leake, Dr. Charles Armstrong and other experts of the Public Health Service agreed with St. Louis health officials that this was the case. The St. Louis germs are slightly different in properties disclosed by laboratory tests. Victims who recover from the St. Louis type of the disease seldom, if ever, may asleep or suffer permanent brain damage.

Either the St. Louis germ is of a different race, like the more than thirty different types of pneumonia germs which scientists also have identified, or else the former virulent germ of post-war years has gone through a welcome change to greater mildness.

It may be that there are many types of similar germs, perhaps as many as the thirty types of pneumonia. Several years ago on the island of Trinidad there broke out an unusual kind of rabies, not spread by dog bites but by the bites of vampire bats. Well known to veterinarians is a kind of brain disease or encephalitis which has killed thousands of horses.

Closely related, too, are the germs that cause poliomyelitis or infantile paralysis, an epidemic of which also is troubling health officers in Chicago.

All these diseases are caused by very peculiar germs. For one thing, the germs are so small and transparent that they are hopelessly invisible under all ordinary microscopes. A fact which enormously increases the difficulties of scientists in studying them. Another peculiarity is that these germs do not attack ordinary body cells or circulate in the blood but choose their special abode among the nerve cells, including the spinal cord and brain.

The hydrophobia virus is loaded for the brain just as are those of infantile paralysis or sleeping sickness, but cannot pick and choose where it starts the journey because it must be content with wherever the dog gnaws to sink his teeth which is quite likely to be a person's ankle. It is a long way to the skull and often takes weeks for the climbing virus to arrive, giving plenty of time for the doctors to put the system on a war footing with the actual treatment discovered by the great French genius Pasteur.

The germ of infantile paralysis, technically called poliomyelitis, is smarter. It has found a way of getting to through the nerves of smell in the victim's nose, the very shortest nerve route there is from the outside world to the brain.

On the under side of the front part of the brain just above the nose cavity and separated from it by only a thin plate of bone, is the small brain organ called the olfactory lobe, the main part of the machinery for perceiving and identifying smells. Out of this small headquarters run a score or more of short nerves, through tiny holes in the thin, bony plate to the nose, right beneath.

The nerves branch into innumerable little fibres the ends of which are sensitive to various gases and minute particles of solids breathed in through the nose. Their messages travel only a fraction of an inch to the olfactory lobe, which classifies them and sends a report to the thinking part of the brain.

The virus entering the olfactory nerves through these fibres creeps on up the short route to the brain, into one of the little holes in the floor of the skull and there is inside. From there it has a short path from the olfactory lobe backward to the center of the brain from which the germs can spread.

In the case of infantile paralysis most of this spread afterward the dog gnaws to sink his teeth which is quite likely to be a person's ankle. It is a long way to the skull and often takes weeks for the climbing virus to arrive, giving plenty of time for the doctors to put the system on a war footing with the actual treatment discovered by the great French genius Pasteur.

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In the case of infantile paralysis most of this spread of the germs seems to be downward. The permanent damage of this disease usually is done in the spinal cord which is why the permanent symptoms with which victims are left usually are those of paralysis. There are instances however, in which the paralysis germs spread into the upper brain or in some other direction, and this upward spread seems to be the rule instead of the exception with the germs of sleeping sickness.

No one yet has proven for certain that the germs of sleeping sickness get in in this way through the nose. But they must reach the nervous system somehow and there is no evidence that they get in through foods or through the bites of insects or in any other way. What evidence there is points to the nose and the nerves of smell as the door that these germs also find unlocked, but this is still a theory rather than a proven fact.

However this may be, the sleeping sickness germs, once admitted to the brain, seem to prefer spreading through its substance into the higher thinking centers of the brain's surface, called the cortex. The spinal cord and the lower brain centers are affected much less. If both nerve viruses creep up the same nerve to the brain they are like two burglars climbing up the same pipe or cable into the house they want to rob. But once inside the treasure house each goes after different plunder.

The infantile paralysis virus when it has reached the entrance to the brain crawls backward until it reaches the junction with the spinal cord. Here it settles down to do its real destruction, causing the well-known paralysis symptoms by cutting off the connection between the muscles and the brain. The victim's legs may become just dead weights making him merely a cripple, but if it is the nerves to the breathing muscles that are attacked, he must have artificial respiration, such as the "iron lung," or die.

The sleeping sickness virus, if it enters the skull over the same nerve cables, turns in the opposite direction, moving forward and upward until it has found the cerebral cortex, the grey matter, the thinking part of the brain. There the virus may cause almost immediate death, as happened to Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Jr., or may start to destroy the seat of the intelligence, sometimes putting the mind into unwaking sleep.

Brain damage explains why one

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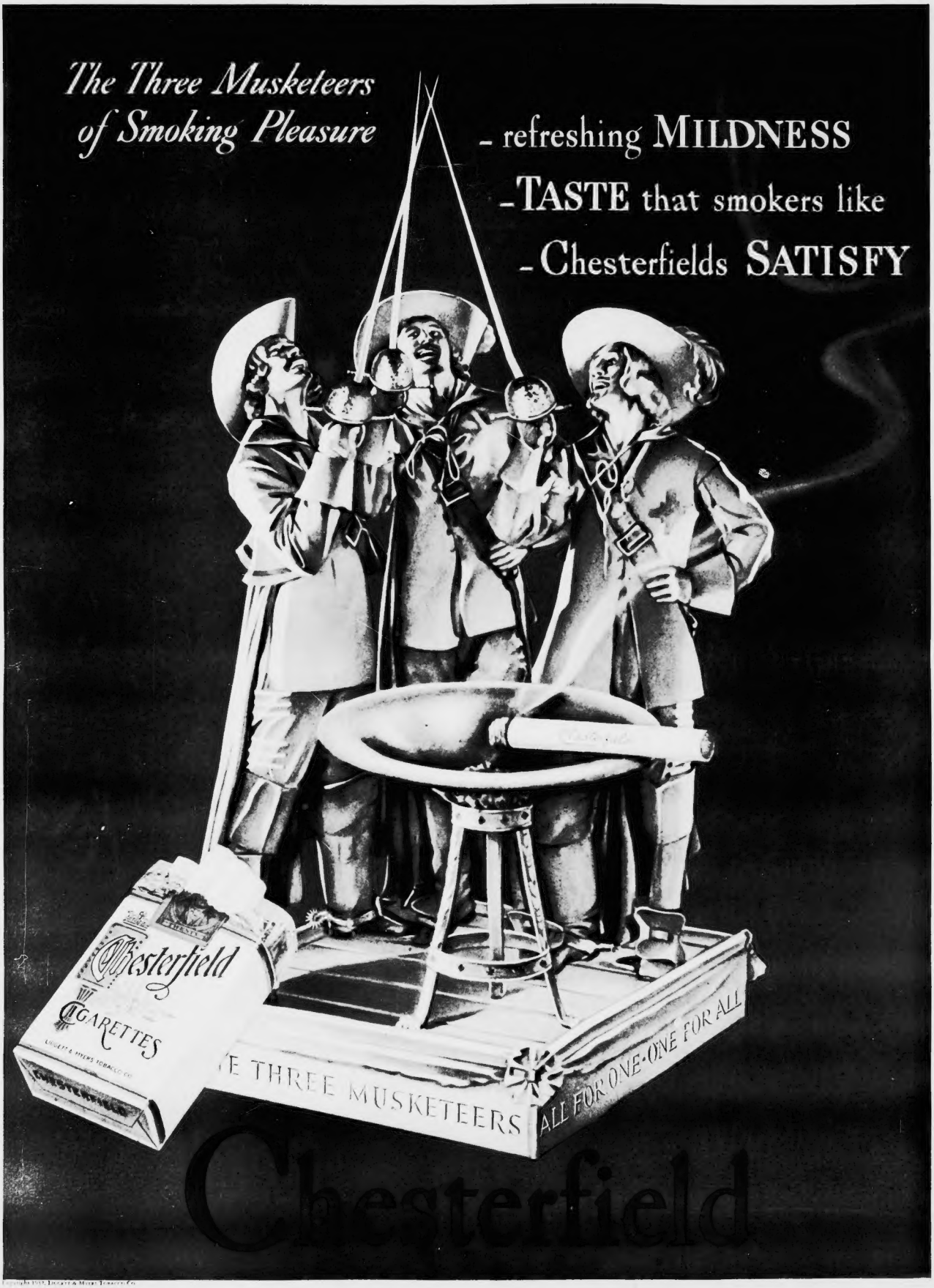
The Three Musketeers
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- TASTE that smokers like
- Chesterfields SATISFY
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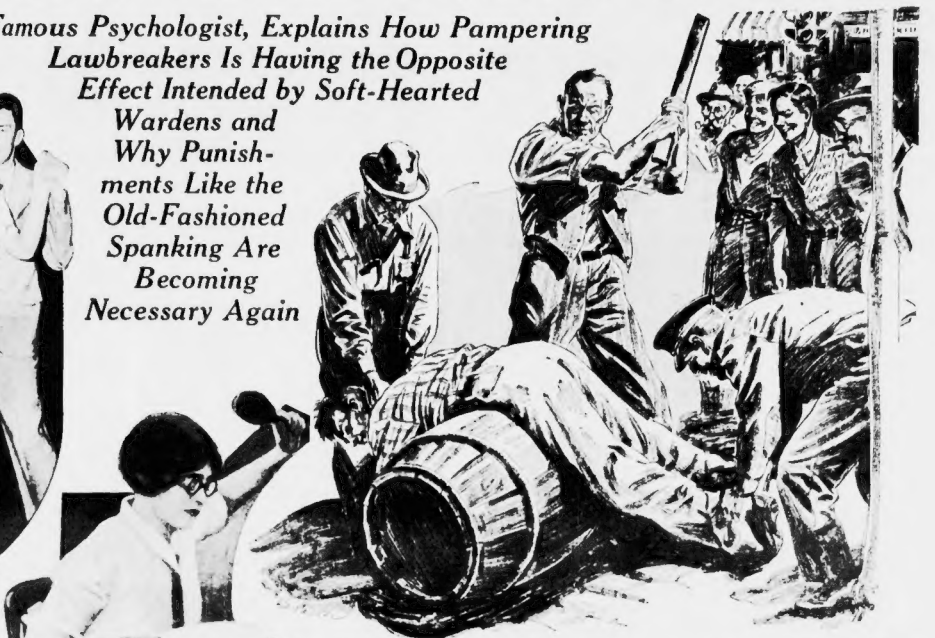
CIGARETTES
THE THREE MUSKETEERS
ALL FOR ONE · ONE FOR ALL
Chesterfield

Sentencing Criminals to Comfort and a Good Time

Professor Laird, Famous Psychologist, Explains How Pampering Lawbreakers Is Having the Opposite Effect Intended by Soft-Hearted Wardens and Why Punishments Like the Old-Fashioned Spanking Are Becoming Necessary Again

ACME PHOTO

Girls of the Reform School at Tecumseh, Oklahoma, Dancing With College Boy Escorts at the Party Given for Them by Tender-hearted Mrs. Creighton Burnham, the Warden.



Misdemeanors in Powhatan, Ohio, Have Almost Disappeared During the Five Years in Which the Hefty Town Marshal Has Been Administering Public Spankings to Offenders, Played Conveniently Over a Barrel While the Marshal Expertly Wields a Barrel Stave.

By DONALD A. LAIRD,
Ph. D., Sci. D., Author of "How to Use Psychology in Business," Rivercrest Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

SATURDAY night is a big occasion in Florence, Arizona. Then the citizens of the progressive little desert town put on their best clothes and go downtown to see their neighbors on the movies.

You can imagine the indignation of these honest citizens when one of their Saturday nights was converted into a jittery time a few weeks ago. Two trucks from the penitentiary on the outskirts of the town rumbled down the streets and stopped to let their passengers out to take in the Saturday night movie with the hard-working folk of Florence. Fifty prisoners were let out of the trucks and each bought his ticket for the town movie.

They filed into the dark theatre and took their seats along with citizens with whom they rubbed shoulders. One murderer was in this motley group of convicts with various criminal records.

It is easy to sympathize with the citizens of Florence for being incensed at this convicts' theatre party staged under the official self-bearishness of Warden A. J. Barnes.

Warden Barnes, to be sure, said this was just "in the nature of an experiment." But it will probably be some time before the mayor of Florence lets them repeat the experiment.

It is all right to show the jailbirds some entertaining movies, the mayor thinks, but the place to do that is in the prison itself. The warden may coddle the convicts if he wants to but to bring an assortment of criminals—including murderers—into the public theatre to be in the dark with the boys and girls of Florence is a horse of a different color.

Only a fortnight ago before the convicts' theatre party, over at Tecumseh in the neighboring State of Oklahoma, thirty-eight of the women in the reform school put on their best clothes and party dresses and dolled themselves up for a grand party which their warden, Mrs. Creighton Burnham, was giving in their honor.

The girls had had their entertainments among themselves, it is true. But they were giddy with excitement about this party, because their loving warden had handpicked a group of young men citizens to come to the party as guests to dance with the girls, many of whom had been streetwalkers and grossly immoral, applaud the floor show with the reform school partners, and eat lunch with these loose ladies who might pick their pockets even with the lights on.

These delinquent girls, most of whom are imprisoned for sex offenses—have realized since their new warden took charge that "home was no place like that." Pretty new dresses, fashionable shoes, flimsy undergarments, and even a beauty parlor were some of the innovations the warden introduced to pamper along the precious little dears.

Warden Burnham was planning to give one of these parties each month and no doubt she would have done it if the Oklahoma Commissioner of Charities and Correction had not interfered. Evidently feeling that she was being more charitable than need be, he has just ordered her to confine herself to the strict business of correction and give no more such entertainments for the girls she is supposed to be reforming.

For some of the girls, however, this first party at the reformatory was a marvelous coming out party. Consider 17-year-old Evelyn Steel, for instance, who had been one of the warden's pampered girls. During the party she met a 21-year-old store clerk. Each thought the other pretty nice, and within a month had decided to get married, if a parole could be arranged. Touched by this tender romance, the warden promptly arranged a parole and an unusual wedding ceremony was performed in the reform school when Miss Steel was married to the man who became both husband and parole officer in one body. There was some question whether the Tecumseh institution is a training school for lawbreaking girls or a fashionable boarding school or just a matrimonial bureau for love-sick young men and women, with the warden as cupid.

If the reform school promenades had been allowed to continue it might have been interesting to ask the politician-judges of Florence to send up a couple of truckloads of their wayward prisoners to give the errant women the "social background" of a dance-and-dine affair. Stranger things have been done to make prison life easier.

No wonder so many convicts get homesick and want to go back to the stone walls and bars. Every month there are convicts who reject the favors of a parole board which would shorten their sentence, or others who ask to be allowed to remain in the prison after their sentence is up.

Just about the same time that Arizona and Oklahoma citizens were scandalized to learn about the coddling of their lawbreakers, Massachusetts was having some interesting experiences which show that their prisons have more comforts than home. They had trouble prying Joseph Traboski loose from their State prison after serving his time for a burglary charge. For nine months the burglar had been eligible for parole, but did not want to leave the stone walls of the prison. The authorities almost had to use dynamite to get him to leave, yet they insisted on it for the convict had five motherless children to support.

Then there are many convicts who write their home folks, asking them not to send cakes, roast chicken, and home food to be pretty sure to be pleasant places to be sent for a few years. People were actually known who did not want to go back to them, and Christmas behind bars doesn't contain terrors because they know that life was not a bed of roses behind the bars.

The well-intentioned uplifters have charged all that in many prisons of course, in the old days there were always a few corrupt jailers or wardens who could be bribed to let a favored criminal have a radio, lace curtains or luxuriously upholstered chairs to lounge in. Some wardens have even allowed a convict to have a Negro offender serve as valet and butler, and in some instances a convict has bribed the authorities into letting him entertain a lady friend for several days in his home-like cell. But those were, after all, exceptional instances.

The steady tide of crime in the last few years does not indicate that giving the criminal more than the comforts of his former home makes him any more inclined to go straight.

A pathetically amusing example of the failure of many uplifting attempts was the recent experience in Newark, N. J., with an 11-year-old boy on whom welfare workers were trying out some modern ideas of getting the young shoot to grow straight. This boy had the habit of stealing.

"Oh, no!" The welfare workers said. "He is not a thief. He just has an unfortunate habit which we will alter."

So they took him to the Newark Museum to see all the pretty things, imagining that an excursion into the realm of art and science would in some magical way break the habit.

Soon the museum officials were in a dither, for they had discovered that a number of valuable articles in the museum were missing. The boy thus well-meaning social workers were trying to wean from his evil ways had made off with many articles almost from under their very eyes.

My advice to parents is to use discipline and get obedience early in the child's career, not hesitating to resort to the rod if necessary, says Dr. William S. Sadler, one of the mid-West's outstanding mental specialists. This is peculiarly applicable to the coddled boy-thief—and to the spoiled boys who ended up as convicted murderers early in life. Hickman, who murdered the Parker girl, and Leopold and Loeb who abused and murdered the Franks boy.

Justice Goddard of the court in Leeds, England, agrees with Dr. Sadler. Benjamin Grant, a 16-year-old boy guilty of a holdup with an unloaded revolver, was a prisoner before the judge. Inquiring of the boy's mother, Justice Goddard was astonished to learn that the prisoner had never been punished by his mother.

"Well, well see what we can do for him in that matter," the justice abruptly commented, and sentenced the offender to "one month's imprisonment with nine strokes of the birch."

"I do not want to send him to prison," the justice said, "but I am compelled to order him a short period of imprisonment, or I cannot have him whipped."

In similar spirit, a woman up before a judge in San Diego on a charge of common drunkenness was recently sentenced by the judge to be given a good sound spanking by her husband.

Misdemeanors in Powhatan, Ohio, have almost disappeared during this past five years in the coal mining village. It was not coddling the young criminals which caused the reduction.

The town marshal turns his convicted culprits over a [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Did you know Betty Crocker has herself been responsible for testing over 50,000 bakings of all kinds in her long career? Any recipe she recommends is bound to be right! Read her message here below about "*De-Luxe*" Gingerbread.

NOW *Betty Crocker* GIVES YOU HER RECIPE FOR

"DE-LUXE" GINGERBREAD

((WITH VARIATIONS))

RECIPE FOR IT IS IN THE SACKS
of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour! In every sack you'll find the recipe folder at right, containing this and other recipes. New recipes every month. A silverware coupon in folder, too! Go to your grocer's today and ask for a sack of this flour with the folder in it.

NOTE TO USERS—If you use Betty Crocker's recipes, send a dime to Betty Crocker, Dept. 129, Minneapolis, Minn., for a handsome loose-leaf binder to keep her recipe folders. Contains her Baking Do's and Don'ts. Write for it today.

This recipe folder is in every sack

GINGERBREAD is one of the oldest forms of bakings known. In this recipe, Betty Crocker has modernized gingerbread. She gives you a recipe for a rich, "De Luxe" gingerbread and for three dressings that top it gloriously. One (at top) is an Apple-Nut Whipped Cream Dressing. Next a rich Chocolate Sauce. The other is a sparkling Banana-Apricot Glaze!

The fragrance of warm gingerbread appeals to everyone. Betty Crocker gives you a recipe that anyone can follow. It is in the sacks of Gold Medal Flour now.

And when you make this gingerbread and the other good things shown in the folder, be sure you use Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour. The recipe is planned for this flour and no other.

Not only that! If you used another, cheaper flour, you would be running the chance that that flour would vary.

This would lead to a poor result . . . Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour cannot vary in baking results because:—(1) it is milled from the finest wheat grown. All leading wheat countries are "combed" for the wheat for this flour. (2) It is milled by millers with the largest aggregate milling experience in the business. (3) It is then tested out—*every batch of it*—by Betty Crocker and her staff of home-cooking experts.

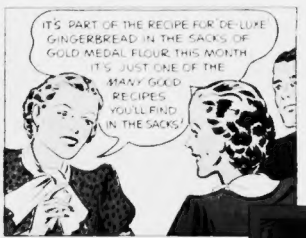
This test insures that the flour, when it reaches you, will "act" right. It is tested out in a home-type oven, with home recipes, under the conditions *of your own kitchen*.

That is why good cooks everywhere are turning to Gold Medal, for cakes, pies, cookies, *everything*. It is a true all-purpose flour. The largest-selling flour in America!

You save money by using this flour. You don't have to use "special" cake flours. Thousands of women switched to this flour in the last year—more now use it than any other brand!

Won't you try it? Get a sack of Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour at your grocer's and serve that gingerbread and other good things to eat featured in the recipe folder in the sack!

Surprise your guests with a gingerbread that they'll rave about—"De Luxe" Gingerbread with a delicious dressing that it makes a lovely "party" dessert. The recipe for the gingerbread and dressings are in the sacks of Gold Medal Flour this month . . .


IT'S PART OF THE RECIPE FOR DE-LUXE GINGERBREAD IN THE SACKS OF GOLD MEDAL FLOUR THIS MONTH. IT'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY GOOD RECIPES YOU'LL FIND IN THE SACKS!

Thousands of homes will serve this "De Luxe" Gingerbread soon—together with one of the delightful dressings suggested in the recipe folder in sacks of Gold Medal "*Kitchen-Tested*" Flour.

SHOPPING REMINDER

To make the gingerbread shown above you will need the following ingredients—

GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" FLOUR
Sugar
Shortening
Ginger
Molasses
Cinnamon
Soda
Salt
Sour Milk

. . . and the various ingredients mentioned in the recipe for the dressings—depending of course upon which dressing you propose to serve. See the recipe.

WHAT HOME ECONOMISTS SAY:—

A recent nation-wide survey among home economists, brought out that flour causes a very high percentage of baking failures. Flour must be blended very expertly from the best wheat and then tested out under conditions as found in the home.

This insures superior baking results. Many cheap flours have a tendency to vary so that you cannot count on them . . . Gold Medal, on the other hand, gives you uniform results in all types of bakings—*so far as the flour itself is concerned!*

It gives insurance against baking failures. . . When a cheap, untested flour was used to bake the gingerbread above, the result was disappointing. The cake did not have the "melt in your mouth" texture of the Gold Medal gingerbread. It was also inclined to dry out.

GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" FLOUR

W T[illegible] Didn't Behead H[illegible] Faithl[illegible]ss Q[illegible]

Strangest of Divorce Trials When the African King's Subjects Flocked by Thousands to Hear Him Ask the English Judge to Punish His Erring Wife Instead of Turning Her Over to the Pitiless Witch Doctors

King Tshekedi the First African Ruler to Have a Queen Tried by an English Divorce Court Instead of by Painful and Often Fatal Ordeals

An Episode Like This, When He Flogged a White Trader, Made Tshekedi Careful About Taking the Law in His Own Hands With His Queen. Though the Offender Deserved the Punishment, the King Was Deposed for Several Years.

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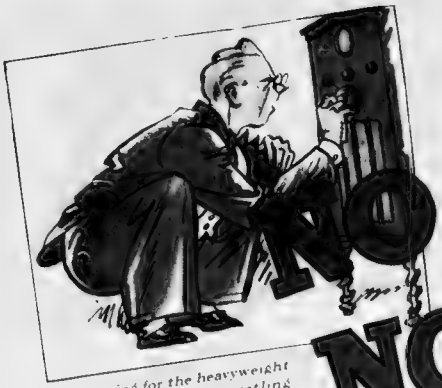


Not training for the heavyweight championship! Just wrestling with an old radio without Philco "NO SQUAT" Tuning.

NO SQUAT NO STOOP NO SQUINT

The lady isn't rehearsing for a part in a movie of "She Stoops to Conquer." It's just because her radio lacks Philco "NO STOOP" Tuning

Tune easily . . . gracefully . . . speedily . . . accurately . . . with Philco Automatic Tuning on this Inclined Control Panel

No hesitation when you want a station! One glance at the call letters of all your favorite stations. Philco *Inclined Control Panel* makes that possible! And there's no "squat" in Philco Automatic Tuning, either—no "stoop"

Only Philco gives you the combination of High Speed Automatic Tuning and the Inclined Control Panel—the two "no's" squatting, stooping and squinting. The Philco Double X gives you thrilling High Fidelity reception. The Double X's tonal range of ordinary radios . . . reproduces the exact tones that concert artists have in the right mid-point of living rooms . . . stage than programs!

Tune *all* of the fine American stations instantly, silently, automatically. Then faster than words can tell, tune London, Berlin, Rome, South America! The Philco Foreign Tuning System more than doubles the foreign short wave stations you can hear and enjoy.

No Squat . . . No Stoop . . . No Squint Tuning. High Speed Automatic Tuning of *all* your favorite stations. Finer foreign reception than you have ever thought possible . . . all combined in one superb Musical Instrument of Quality . . . the fifteen tube Philco "Double X!"

Be sure to ask your dealer to show you the new Automatic Tuning Philcos with Inclined Control Panel!

only $7.95 DOWN

Philco makes a complete line of Automatic Tuning models with the Inclined Control Panel. Your present radio may be traded in as part payment or you can buy a Double X Philco for as little as $7.95 down and $1.00 a week. Ask your Philco dealer about the Special Philco-Commercial Credit Company Plan.

the new AUTOMATIC TUNING PHILCO

WITH INCLINED CONTROL PANEL

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

PHILCO Berry Building,
[illegible]

T F L H W G S

The Phantom Vessel Carried No Lights and When Sir Francis Drake's Crew Hailed Her, There Was No Answer. Then the Vision Came About and Sailed Silently Through the Flagship.

An Expedition Is Hunting for La Salle's "Griffin" Which Has Haunted Sailormen for Centuries and Recalls Similar Phantoms of the Sea and Other Ships That Vanished

A

Behind the Scenes

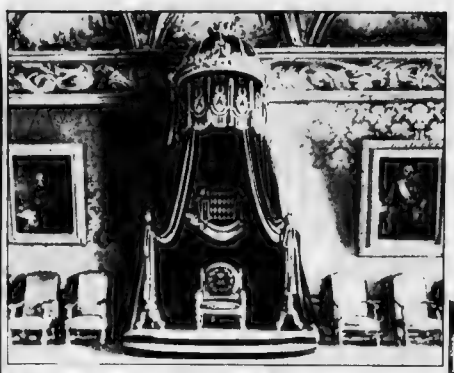
Secrets of the Famous Gambling Den, Tricks of Th

"Break the Bank," Rev

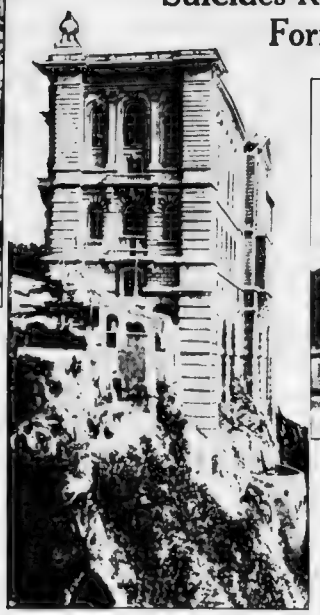
Suicides Reveal

Former

Princess Charlotte Louise of Monaco.



The Throne Decorated in Crimson and Gold in the Throne Room in the Palace at Monte Carlo



The Oceanographic Museum at Monte Carlo Established and Filled with Specimens by the Late Monarch of the Little Principality

La Belle Otero, Who Loaded Her Maid with Jewels, to the Embarrassment of Her Rival, Duchesse de Chaudl

Group Photo of Monaco R... the Marriag... Prince Louis ... ter Antoinet... Pierre Is Sta... Sits His W...

CHAPTER II.

By BARON CHARLES de RICHTER.

Continued from Last Sunday.

THI... M... ...

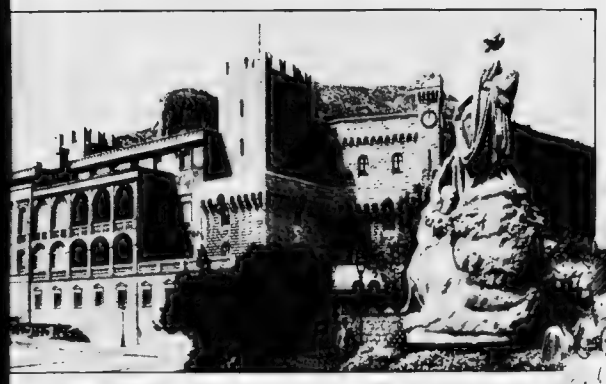
T... W... ...

...

...

at Monte Carlo

hieving Croupiers, Daring Schemes to venge of Ruined Players, Scandals and ed by Baron Charles de Richter, Member of the Casino Staff



W. Van Heust,
From Sketch by
Baron de Richter.

raph of the Royal Family
ken a Few Years After
of Princess Charlotte
l Holds His Granddaugh
e on His Knee. Prince
nding, and at the Right
le, Princess Charlotte

The Royal Palace of the Ruler of Monaco.

"I remember a story which illustrates the aimlessness that ruined [illegible] of the great beauties of her day came out one afternoon literally covered with [illegible] diamonds around her neck [illegible] on all her fingers, [illegible]

"La Belle Otero, the famous [illegible] beauty of her eyes, the subtlety of her temperament and the [illegible] scintillating [illegible] hair. But she was [illegible] her. But she was brilliant [illegible] ably never seen on one woman

[illegible] family [illegible] Prince Louis spent much of his youth. Prince Louis is of the French Grimaldi family which [illegible] a German branch.

In the closet [illegible] Grimaldi [illegible] Prince Louis soon found consolation in the arms of the fair-haired Lalla Darlow, a darling of Monte Carlo. He married her in church but could not marry her legally without his father's consent. In 1898 there was born to them a daughter, who was named Charlotte Louise Juliette. The father would not acknowledge her legally, and the child remained without a name until May 16, 1919, when Prince Albert insisted that his son recognize her. Old Prince Albert believed that his son Louis would never marry and he feared that the throne of Monaco would go to the collateral German branch of the Grimaldi family represented by the Duke of Urach, a descendant of Florestan, Prince of Monaco who was expelled during the French Revolution and became an actor.

The little girl was given the title of Duchess de Valentinois. International politics, the interests of jealous nations had started to play around the laundress' daughter. They did not bring young Charlotte happiness, but they did give her a name.

[illegible] Prince Pierre [illegible] Prince Louis. Pierre [illegible] was [illegible] more and more mortified and annoyed. Meeting a friend of mine one day, he said to him:

"My position in the palace is becoming unbearable owing to the presence of my son-in-law. Why, the other day I overheard a remark passed by one servant to another as Pierre went by: 'There goes the palace gigolo.' You can well imagine how pleasant that is for me."

The marriage was a failure in more ways than one. Prince Pierre was indifferent to his wife and he insisted on mixing in Monaco's politics in which he was not wanted at all. Already the Princess Charlotte was unpopular with her subjects, for like many people raised to the heights from humble origin, she was overbearing and autocratic.

A wave of democratic aspirations had surged over the 800 natives of Monaco. They sighed for a Constitution. So one day, 200 loyal citizens went to the palace gates, braved the two sentries outside, and demanded to see Prince Louis.

But the Prince did not have the desire to face his subjects. So he sent Princess Charlotte to conduct the diplomatic pourparlers.

"Are all of you true Monegasques (natives)?" she began with a haughty tone.

"More so than you, Madame," answered the spokesman.

Two days later, Princess Charlotte was dining [illegible]

[illegible] young doctor with a [illegible] Dr. Pierre Delmasso. He was [illegible] lished physician. I do not know just *how* he met the Princess Charlotte since he was *not* the Court doctor, but he did.

The love-starved woman [illegible] to *life*. She was expecting to be divorced from Prince Pierre. Here at last was romance. Dr. Delmasso reciprocated the sentiment. They became infatuated with each other. Like lovers the world over, and ever since the world began, they wished to be inseparable. She wanted him to be continually at her heels. She wrote him letters every day, which were taken to his house by a palace servant. He came to call daily. It was a real love, a grande passion.

In three months he had few patients left. Sick people need a doctor and not an amorous swain, who can never be found. Then the Princess Charlotte asked him to marry her, since he could not ask, he being a commoner, and she a royal princess.

Prince Louis was so pleased with this romance, that when he wrote to his daughter Charlotte, he addressed his letters:

"My dear children ..."

So far the affair had not been aired in public, although everybody knew about it. No secrets are possible in the principality, which can be crossed on foot in twenty minutes. Besides, the Princess had made no effort to hide her passion. But in 1931, their attachment became public. Princess Charlotte appeared with Dr. Delmasso in Lucione, in Italy.

She wanted him to go into business. Together they opened a hotel. But depression was hitting [illegible] 200,000 [illegible] one at a time the pigeon [illegible] by the sudden light staggers in the air, moving over the sea and usually flying towards land as soon as it has orientated itself. Poor, bewildered bird that the intrepid pigeon-shooter is!

In Monte Carlo the pigeon shooting ground *lies* at the foot of the rock on which stands the *Casino*. Many times I have watched little parties from *the* Casino esplanade. The fluttering bird, wounded, falls into the water another staggers up released *from* the dark cage, a few fly away.

A *couple* of fishermen in government owned boats hover *about* to pick up the birds as they fall into the sea. *The* Casino sells these in the open market ten cents *for* the thin ones and twice that for the fat ones. *The* Casino always collects, no matter how small a *sum*.

The Marquis Strozzi, Dr. Delmasso's friend, was a great pigeon shooter.

It was in April of that *year*, that a friend of mine called on me at my office, *above* the gambling rooms. Princess Charlotte was staying at Marchais, at the family residence.

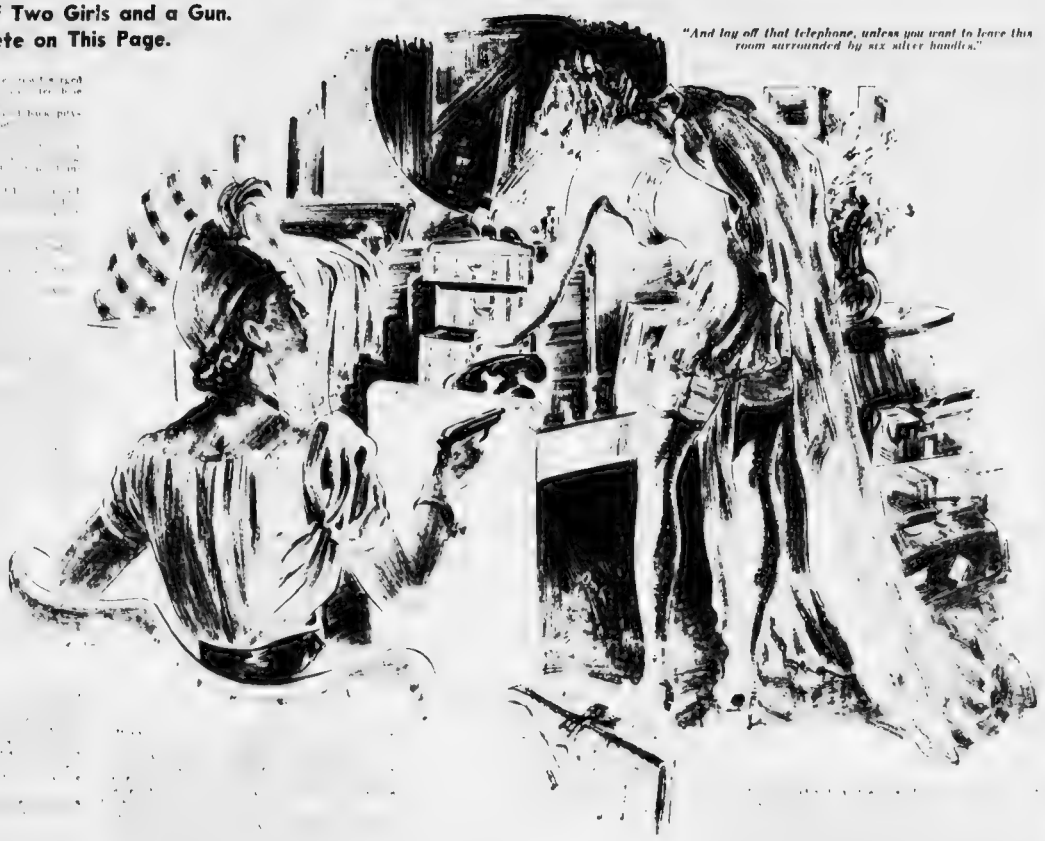
"I've just seen Delmasso," said my friend, "and he's in an awful state of mind. He's had no letters from Charlotte for a fortnight and he's half insane with anxiety."

In May, Dr. Delmasso joined Princess Charlotte at her beautiful home not far from Nice. By this time, his suspicions had taken on a definite

(Continued on Page 22)

Tough Baby — by John Kent

The Story of Two Girls and a Gun.
Complete on This Page.

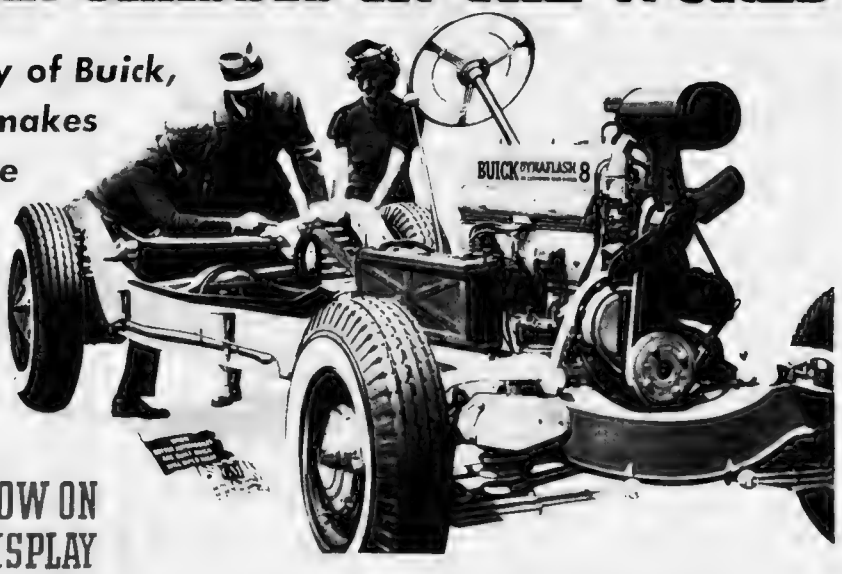


"And lay off that telephone, unless you want to leave this room surrounded by six silver handles."

She Saw Bill Looking at Her Nervously in the Wall Mirror.

GENTLEMEN WE GIVE YOU THE MOST MODERN CHASSIS IN THE WORLD

Under the new beauty of Buick, modern engineering makes history, co-starring the DYNAFLASH ENGINE and TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING



WHAT HAPPENS as the 1938 Buick engine [illegible] steel engineering feat

By [illegible] that has the same [illegible] extracts usable power from gasoline in the same way as the new Buick DYNAFLASH [illegible] Straight-Eight

* * *

WHAT happens in this engine begins with the fuel mixture

Speeding through the raceways of the intake manifold, this explosive vapor hurricanes into the cylinders at speeds around 250 miles an hour

As it sweeps past streamline valve contours it smacks into sudden obstruction.

A scientifically designed Turbulator, built into throttle of the piston face, flings the hurtling mixture into a world of terrific turbulence.

Then occurs something more than high-compression—literally explosion — in the split-second that sting, writhing charge is compacted about the spark plug

And the spark that leaps through that compact core sets off a flashing cyclone of power, explodes with tornadic force!

* * * *

EVERY five inches your new Buick travels, one of these fist-size hurricanes lets go.

Every down power-push of the piston gains nearly ten per cent [illegible] even timer ration [illegible]

NOW ON DISPLAY

at BUICK showrooms everywhere

FOUR SERIES

EVERY MODEL IN EVERY SERIES

[illegible]

[illegible] more [illegible] gave up to motorists' [illegible]

* * * *

TO MATCH this incomparable stride, Buick engineers have found a way to provide an equally incomparable ride.

They give you now, on all four wheels, the safety and steadiness of a kind of springing you will likewise find on no other car in the world

Poised on jarless coils of easy-flexing steel, the Buick-[illegible] [illegible] from [illegible] water or ice, springs [illegible] even cushioning for the life of the car.

[illegible] imparted inertia [illegible] engine [illegible] is [illegible] to [illegible] through a ride that [illegible] to know the complete range of the engine's [illegible]

* * * *

YES, it's a great story, the story of these twin engineering triumphs in the 1938 Buick

It is so great a story that it obscures half a score of other advances, themselves enough to make any car a wonderful buy.

From the great DYNAFLASH engine, the white-hot heart of its merit, to the final, perfect touch of its styling, Buick is a car so magnificently filled with new satisfactions you cannot afford to miss it.

We invite you to see it this week at Buck showrooms everywhere.

THIS CAR SHIFTS FOR ITSELF! Buick SPECIAL, Series 40 models can be obtained on special order with the new Buick Self-Shifting Transmission, built-in at the factory, at extra cost. In all ordinary driving, gear shifts are made up or down automatically, without attention to clutch or gas treadle and without taking your hand from the wheel. 90% of all travel is in a new quiet "fourth" speed which saves 10% or more on gas and up to 50% on oil. Front seat floor is cleared by removal of gear shift lever.

FOR A GREAT 1938 EIGHT

Better buy Buick!"

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER IN A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

Thirteen On Board

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

CHAPTER XVI

THE NEW YORK
FOODS HIGHEST IN SIX YEARS
Survey Shows How D
Has Affected P
50 PER CENT
BUT WHAT A HELP TO GET A DELICIOUS NOURISHING DISH LIKE THIS—FOR LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION!

Here's a Way to Beat Rising Food Costs!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

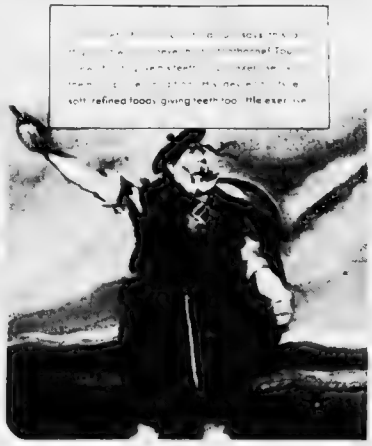
FREE

FREE SAMPLE

Corns

Lift Right Out!

Lucky old Highlander



soft refined foods giving teeth too little exercise

WISE MODERNS CHEW DENTYNE—because Dentyne's firmer consistency invites more vigorous chewing—gives teeth and gums the active exercise they need! It stimulates circulation in gums and mouth tissues, helps make them firmer, healthier—and wakens the salivary glands, promoting self-cleansing. Dentyne helps keep your teeth stronger, healthier—and cleaner!

IT TASTES SO SPICILY TEMPTING—you'll be keen about Dentyne's fragrant and delicious flavor! And the flat Dentyne package (an exclusive feature) is so exceptionally handy to slip into your pocket or purse.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

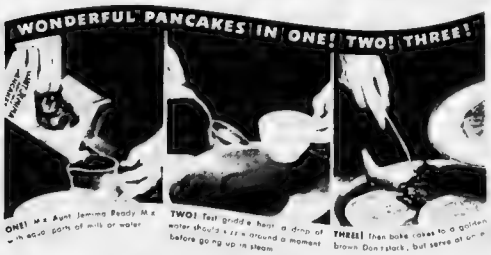
Eager thousands throng

AUNT JEMIMA'S

MAGIC PANTRY AT GROCERY STORES

Grocers everywhere are now running special sales on all the fixin's for wonderful meals of Aunt Jemima's pancakes! Housewives by the million admit you can't beat your Aunt Jemima for fluffiness, flavor and speed.

MAN! WHAT A MEAL!



ONE! Mix Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix in equal parts of milk or water

TWO! Test griddle heat; a drop of water should sizzle around a moment before pouring batter

THREE! Then bake cakes to a golden brown. Don't stack, but serve at once

AUNT JEMIMA

READY-MIX

RED PACKAGE FOR PANCAKES . . . YELLOW PACKAGE FOR BUCKWHEATS

Aunt Jemima's Almanac for Epicures

MAGIC MENUS FOR FALL FEASTING

OCTOBER SUNS

A HUNTING WE WILL GO

OCTOBER'S BRIDAL DAY

HALLOWE'EN—OCTOBER 31st.

SOUTHERN WAFFLE BREAKFAST

Chilled Fruit Juice
Aunt Jemima Waffles
Butter Syrup
Frizzled Ham
Coffee

WASHINGTON CREAM PIE

TART SHELLS

PEACH UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

CHOCOLATE SQUARES

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

AUNT JEMIMA FRITTER BATTER

NOVEMBER'S FEAST DAYS

ALL SAINTS DAY NOV 1

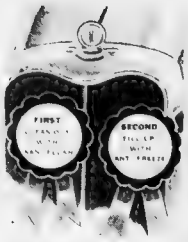
MARTINMAS NOV 11

THANKSGIVING Nov 25

Thirteen On Board

(Continued from Page 18)

CHAPTER XVII.



A WINNER FOR WINTER

LLOYD'S of LONDON
Back Fitch's Guarantee to
REMOVE DANDRUFF
with the first application

KILLS GERMS
Removes all Dandruff Dirt and Foreign Matte
LABORATORY TESTS
PROVE Fitch's Efficiency
1
2

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo
THE F. W. FITCH CO. Des Moines Iowa • Bayonne N. J. • Toronto Canada

Sani-Flush
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

OUCH! THAT STABBING PAIN
BAUME "Ben-Gay"
ACTS FAST WHERE YOU HURT

FALSE TEETH

NO MORE CORN PAIN
Safe, Sure Relief In One Minute!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY

"ACID INDIGESTION" GOES FAST
When You Alkalize Excess Stomach Acids with "PHILLIPS"

I CAN'T HAVE ANY FUN AT ALL NOTHING I EAT SEEMS TO AGREE WITH ME!
THAT'S THE WAY I ALWAYS FELT UNTIL MY DOCTOR TOLD ME ABOUT "PHILLIPS" ITS WONDERFUL! TRY IT
SIGNS OF ACID INDIGESTION

NOW IN TABLET FORM:

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Enjoy One of Industry's Best Jobs
Steady Work
Good Pay
Promotion

Become a Draftsman
A Job Where You Are Not Old at 40
Security for Yourself and Family
2 Drafting Lessons Free
American School, Dept. DD-72, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

G-E Research declares a Lighting Bonus!

As sight-saving councils and eyesight specialists everywhere continue to stress the need for MORE light to protect priceless eyesight, MAZDA Lamp Research makes possible an improved incandescent lamp that gives MORE light at no increase in price...and NO EXTRA COST FOR CURRENT!

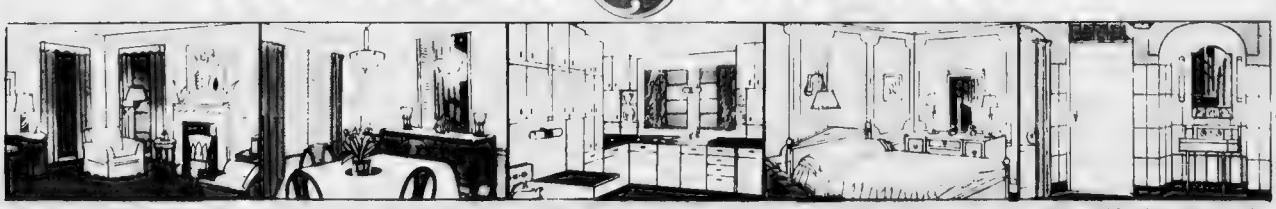
If users of MAZDA lamps made by General Electric paid for all this extra light this year, they would spend over $12,000,000. For example: the new and brighter 60-watt MAZDA lamp gives every user 10 per cent more light than did the same size lamp of a year ago. *The value of this added light is twice the cost of the lamp itself.* Talk about bargains!

There's an easy way to identify this new triumph of lighting research. Insist that every lamp you buy bears the monogram G-E. There's an equally easy way to know a store that sells G-E lamps. It is proud to display the colored identification emblem.

Now—more than ever—it is foolish to accept inferior substitutes for G-E quality, or to go on using dim, blackened bulbs. Get a supply of the larger, sight-saving sizes that bring so much added comfort to reading, sewing and other close seeing tasks. Take the first step toward "Light Conditioning" your home by putting MAZDA lamps made by G-E on your "must" list for tomorrow's shopping.

General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



LIGHT CONDITION YOUR HOME FOR EASIER SEEING, COMFORT AND BEAUTY...WITH LAMPS THAT STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

Behind the Scenes at Monte Carlo

By Baron Charles de Richter

(Continued from Double Page)

form. He suspected his friend Steven of being too friendly with the Princess. It is said that there was a terrible row in the love-nest and that Dr Delmasso beat the Princess as only an Italian can. She threw him out. The romance was ended.

In June the Princess Charlotte left with the Marquis Strozzi by car for Paris. Unfortunately they had a smash-up. The Princess was badly injured, her nose was broken. Her affair with the Marquis was now publicly known.

Princess Charlotte decided that she would like it much better if she were freed from her husband. Pierre, who had been suddenly raised from a Count to a Prince for the purpose of marrying her, So Charlotte started divorce proceedings. Being a member of the reigning family, her case came before her own father, Prince Louis. Her lawyer was Camille Chautemps, brilliant barrister and French Minister of the Interior at the time of the Pawnshop Scandal. But Princess Charlotte decided she wanted to have a Monaco lawyer, so she replaced him by Felix Bonaventure. It can be imagined how M. Chautemps was angered; he was losing a considerable sum of money besides having his feelings hurt.

Four years ago the divorce was granted by Prince Louis' royal decree. It was stipulated that Charlotte's two children, Princess Antoinette and her younger brother, Prince Rainier, should share their time equally between their parents. It was reported that Pierre, her divorced husband was handed a considerable sum of money and also told to keep away from Monaco.

Pierre after waiting many months brought a charge of abduction against Prince Louis in the French courts, complaining that his fifteen year-old daughter Princess Antoinette had been taken from his apartment in Paris by agents of Louis. This started a battle which was very embarrassing to the French because Louis is the monarch of a sovereign state and the child had been removed from Paris to Monaco.

Meanwhile another serious situation had arisen. According to the laws of succession in the Grimaldi family, only legitimate children can inherit the throne of Monaco. Consequently, it has been asserted, neither Princess Charlotte nor her children have any right to it. Those opposed to her say that her recognition by old Prince Louis is contrary to Monaco laws. Many of the population refuse to accept her children as heirs, and at present there is a strong movement on foot to give the crown to the French branch of the Grimaldi family now represented by the Count de Chabrillan who has the sympathy of many Frenchmen.

To these perplexing problems was now added a new one centering around the gaming tables. Here I must explain the tremendous popularity of roulette. It has always been the favorite method of gambling. Perhaps this was due to its visual fascination, the small ball set into motion by a deft swing. It whirls rapidly in the shallow basin and finally begins to slow down, dodging from one numbered cup into another, while the people around watch it with feverish eyes. The excitement is prolonged often the small ball skips out of one cup into a last spasmodic movement only to settle in quite another number. Its last movement has ruined some and made the fortune of others.

It was roulette which made Monte Carlo the gamblers' paradise. No other place in Europe was permitted to have it publicly. Therein lay the special privilege and the fortune of Monte Carlo.

The French casinos all wished to have roulette seeing in it an assured income for themselves. Prominent men in international politics concerned themselves with this question. So long as Monsieur Chautemps the French Cabinet Minister represented the Princess Charlotte as her lawyer he protected Monte Carlo from competition. No French resort was ever able to obtain the right to install roulette.

Meanwhile the Deauville and Cannes casinos had built up another game which proved a favorite, baccarat the game with cards. And since Monte Carlo had its roulette so France had its baccarat.

(Continued Next Sunday)

Camille Chautemps was revenged.

The blow was all the more severe because it came at the end of a golden era when money had flowed in a never ending stream. The nobility had flocked back to the green tables, bringing back some of the pre-war brilliance and lavishness. I remember seeing Major Louis win in 1926 $600,000 in one short half hour. The Esplanade and the Cafe de Paris at the noon hour reminded one of the famous days when Lizzie de Proigny and La Belle Otero were the Queens of Monte Carlo.

I remember a story about the latter which illustrates the manner that she reigned. [illegible]

Thirteen On Board

From a Ring to Coffin Cleats

(Continued from Page 20)

upon slobbering kisses over Kusak and even over one of the guards who had fed him.

The cameras clicked. The reporters offered Paddy bananas from the galley and cheered, grin from their jackets. The ape bared [illegible] with the [illegible] and [illegible] stories of real days became scarce.

[illegible] from the shock [illegible] by the [illegible]. I went to [illegible] the [illegible] I asked eagerly.

No sign of them.

What! [illegible] believe my ears. You mean to say [illegible]?

I mean, I mean there's nothing there. Are you sure, Jake, I mean it?

We both [illegible] both have been fooled. Grandma Hooker and I saw the [illegible] Yank looked in the wrong place.

I was so convinced that I hurried back along the deck to the shrouds and climbed with less difficulty than on the night before up to the tenth ratline.

In the bright light of day the rough ends of the splicing showed clearly. The three bags were gone. Thinking that I might have become confused, I climbed the lines to starboard. Still no trace of them.

I found Jimmy on the deck near the mainmast.

Someone has taken them. I declared stupidly.

Probably.

We [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] bosun.

Yeah. And how are you going to make us believe you?

He was right, of course. As the boys' sworn testimony would hardly be convincing and that of a dying grandmother worthless, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Thirteen On Board

by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 22)

start with the little flowers and the bees carrying pollen and all that. If you'd only read Freud and Krafft-Ebing."

Jimmy said, "Good grief! You mean it was Quinn?"

Myra nodded.

Thirsty platitudes of course. And on a very high plane. Floyd used to write him poetry all about his tattooing. It got on Quinn's nerves. If he hadn't already spent the money Floyd had paid for his passage, he'd have given it back and got rid of him. As it was, he planned to dump him somewhere in Mexico.

I broke in with: "And Debby might have got wind of it?"

"He might," Jimmy agreed.

"But he was with us when Quinn was killed——"

"Hush!" Jimmy was evidently thinking it out. "He didn't seem to have a ghost of a motive, as I haven't thought about it before. But I left him near the cockpit with that tar pick, about five or six minutes before Blake found the body."

Jimmy was with him every second until they came back to the cockpit.

That's what one sees. But Jessica pretty far gunners him.

Myra gave a little cross that put her eyes out of sounds.

"Sorry," she said. "I couldn't help it."

Stood to herself, off the top to give her an edge. Jimmy finished.

Especially since it gives her one less. I pointed out and Jimmy nodded.

"Yes. Although I doubt whether she's thought of that. I don't believe she thinks of anything but Floyd."

Myra said, "Poor old thing. At her age it hits you hard," then suddenly: "Listen, Jimmy is it absolutely certain a woman couldn't have killed Quinn?"

Jimmy asked, "Why——"

"Because I've a crazy idea, oh never mind now, but are they sure?"

"The doctor was sure," Jimmy said. "He claimed the blow was too violent to have been struck by a woman. But he was wrong."

That was news to me. I sat up and listened.

Jimmy went on: "I haven't told the police. They don't seem to care for my theories. But a woman could have killed him as easily as a man, because the marlinspike wasn't striven to by hand. It was pounded in with the mallet."

So that was the explanation of the mallet. It was so simple as clear. I thrown myself for not seeing it before. The murderer had held the marlinspike with his or her left hand and driven it home with the mallet, exactly as one might drive a nail.

Jimmy was finishing. "——could couldn't take much strength. Even a half-grown child could have done it."

If he were tall enough," I said.

"There's an old spar lying under the partners," Jimmy told me. "By standing on that, the murderer could have added an inches."

Broke again in with Dr. Shaw. She had managed somehow to dissolve Harrison into telling her rather how an unseen person "the two of them had been meeting the Continental Bar evening and Harry after that about the manuscript. I believe had given them permission to come on board just to get rid of them."

I told him the purser couldn't possibly have anything to do with his old murder. Broke said. And I kept on telling him until he said we would come get them. But first he asked a lot of questions about you, Mr. Carter.

About Debby? Jimmy exclaimed, and I echoed feebly.

About me? What sort of questions?"

"Oh, all about your wife and how long you'd been married and if you're troubled a lot," Jimmy explained.

"What on earth——"

"Why everything I knew about you. That your wife was a singer and very beautiful and you loved her a lot. Of course, I didn't mean for him to have thought you'd probably rather I said so."

The Doctor interrupted with: "The thing he really wanted to know was just when and where you'd met Quinn."

"But I'd never met him before we came here."

"Exactly so. I tried to explain. Since him of the fact, but he acted as though he doubted my word. He seemed to think there might have been some previous acquaintance."

"Quinn," Blake put in, "Of Mexico. Just because I told him you'd traveled a lot——"

Jimmy began. "But I can't see why——" He broke off. Sergeant Hicks was standing in the doorway. He was smiling a sickening smile that showed all his mottle-pebble gums. It seems to be directed at me.

"There's a message that's come for you, Mr. Carter," he said. "A telegram."

I took the envelope from his hand and tore it open.

It was from Dale Cranstone and that morning, and read:

WILL STAND BY YOU. TELL THE GALLOWS TAG YOU NEVER KILLED QUINN. LET'S GET TOGETHER AND GIVE ALL WITHOUT PENALTY. SETTLE HOW BOUGHT. ADAM.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The message left me in a daze for two or three moments. Then the fog began to clear and I could see it was a trap. Dale was trying to help me. "——the——" I said. "The——there's got a lot of things to say——" A ball of a lot of things.

CHAPTER XIX

You Die

JIMMY Lake refused flatly to go with me to see Carruthers. In the course of fifteen years of quarreling there have been plenty of times when I have wanted to strangle Jimmy. That one I did not want to strangle him. I wanted to tell him exactly what I thought of laughing at me and of his general lack of sympathy in a crisis

Thirteen On Board

by Florence Crittenton Fiction Contest Winners

(Continued from Page 23)

I headed for the Sad Sack cafe and demanded two orders of hard tacks extra large, with side orders of rotten boiled and dill pickle. The fruit were being brought in, smoking and crisp on a bed of parsley, when Myra Kennedy appeared.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "I've been looking for you everywhere. Jimmy wants you to—"

I broke in long enough to tell her what I thought of Jimmy in an vivid language as I could muster. Myra sat down and nibbled oyster crackers while I ate. She said calmly:

"Jimmy thought you might be sore. But the chance was too good to miss. The Grandma Bowker act is just busy for a little while, and you hold him beautifully. Now Jimmy says you're to go to the hotel and watch over Grandma Bowker."

"Grandma Bowker!" I gasped at her. "Why on earth—"

She said: "Don't ask me. But he's got some reason. He seems to think she's in danger."

"What sort of danger?"

He wouldn't tell me. I got the idea it was something to do with a Chinaman."

Suddenly said: "Oh, there you are. I've been looking for you everywhere."

It was Binks. The Doctor was with her, cool and wind-blown in the white suit and straw hat he'd bought for Quinn's Tropical Islands. They sat down and began to eat what was left of my celery and radishes.

"Mr. Lane wants you to go back to the hotel," Binks began.

Myra said: "I've already told him. When will rehearsal be—"

"Tonight, Quinn," the Doctor interrupted anything. South seems pretty quiet while it was broad daylight. And we wanted to find Mr. Carter because Mr. Lane said—"

Myra, Binks and Miss Jessup came into the cafe and began.

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Carter. We've been—"

I said: "I know. I know. You've been looking for me everywhere and Lane wants me to go right back to the hotel. What is this? A gag."

Miss Jessup said: "Oh, no, it wasn't a gag. Mr. Lane had really asked them to find me. He'd been very insistent."

When Miss Jessup was more chatty to the table she began on the salt pickles. I gave up. My ears and eyes were only half eaten, but I swallowed a cup of coffee and two bits and took on bail.

As we came out of the cafe there were forty or fifty people visible on the breakers. Six of them were the Davis Girls. Sally, Hansen, Kisak, Violette Bronzy and Bobbie. They were all in bathing costumes and were walking with that cold and unnatural dignity that comes from being too much exposed to the public gaze.

Myra said: "I've already told Binks where rehearsal now—"

Jessup Quinn, we don't think anything South could happen

Skin you Envy
CAN BE YOURS
SEE HOW I HAD A COMPLEXION LIKE THE MOVIE STARS.
TRY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT. IT'S A WONDER FUL TREATMENT FOR BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, DRYNESS AND OTHER BLEMISHES OF EXTERNAL ORIGIN.
LATER
I DON'T ENVY ANYBODY'S SKIN NOW. CUTICURA MADE MY COMPLEXION SO DARNED SOFT AND CLEAR. WHAT GOOD TIMES I WOULD HAVE MISSED WITHOUT CUTICURA
CUTICURA WILL HELP KEEP YOUR HANDS SOFT AND WHITE. YOUR SHOULDERS, THROAT, ARMS AND BACK FRESH LOOKING AND LOVELY. IT'S THE PERFECT, INEXPENSIVE TREATMENT FOR ALL-OVER LOVELINESS.
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The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

Economical Meat Sundries

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

HOUSEWIVES all over the country are unanimous in their opinion that food costs are mounting higher, and that consequently it takes greater knowledge and skill to prepare appetizing nourishing meals on a moderate budget.

What is a helpful solution?

One may learn to deftly prepare and serve many delicious economical meals with delectable cheese dishes, bean dishes, egg dishes and such vegetable proteins as are made from nut products, and of course utilize more fully fish and other sea foods.

But in this resentment against high costs, the writer believes that one important group of meats has been badly neglected and overlooked, namely what are somewhat loosely referred to as "meat sundries." These include liver, kidneys, heart, sweetbreads, brains, tripe, oxtail, pigs feet, a varied and honorable list of secondary meats which have a great deal to recommend them, budget or no budget.

But I thought liver was so "dear," exclaims one reader. Unfortunately, in the recent feature ing of liver as a household necessity in cases of anemia and similar ailments, rising prices in large amounts of fresh liver are noticed. Liver soared in price. But there are livers and livers, and the cheaper thrifty housewife must know them.

Every animal has a liver of some kind. In an interview with a leading butcher in a suburban town just this past week he pointed out liver costs are values, as follows:

My customers pay about $.70 a pound for genuine calves' liver, which is the most tender as the calf is a young animal with tender or unused muscles. For frying thin slices, pork livers are only $.25 a pound, and steer $.35 a pound, although they are a little strong in flavor. Beef liver is rich, highly nutritious and costs about $.40 a pound. One pound of any kind of liver should serve three persons generously, or can be extended to four persons with gravy, potatoes or rice.

And what about kidneys, how expensive are they?" I asked my accommodating meat man.

Well, plenty of folks get kidneys from me," he continued affably. "Why, kidneys are a food all upon like and you should know how to fix them. I'm sure. My wife she takes lamb or veal kidneys and fixes them for my Sunday breakfast or lunch. Lamb kidneys are only $.05 each. A veal kidney now that would bring from $.15 to $.20 each. And two lamb kidneys or one veal kidney should serve one person with other usual foods at the meal. That's only $.05 or $.10 per portion and kidneys are very tasty like. Beef kidneys is richer and more hearty. I should say, one and one kidney enough for three or four people, costs now about $.20 to $.25.

Just then there was a rush of customers to the counter, and my dealer hurried to wait on them. But what they had gone I asked him to please continue to answer my questions. What for example, was the cost of beef liver?

Oh hearts are cheap, I mean meat hearts, is remarked with a touch of fun. Why a beef heart brings only $.15. My sister fixes them fine too, kind of a pot roast she says, and they be knowing means. Fine brown gravy and are like it with noodles on the side.

And sweetbreads, what's do they cost now?" I inquired.

They're the most expensive, aren't they of these small meats?

Well, I would say yes, he answered me. The price of them goes always $.65 or maybe $.85. But four can get a meal from the pair, unless they are big eaters. You can add the cooked brain to scrambled eggs or other foods or serve them as further. Quite broiled they're most delicious as and as tasty as steak.

Another group of women customers came in at the door and I decided to stop pestering my kindly dealer, even before I asked him the present price of brains, tripe and ox tails.

So much then for some of the important meat sundries. Even the butcher agreed they were phenomenally low in cost, tasty (to put words) and with such gravy.

So why not take a tip from your own butcher and next time you must plan a meal don't overlook economical meat sundries. The following suggestions will guide you further.

Beef Pigs Feet, pickled or salted. Excellent as a specialty dish with greens, sauerkraut, etc.

Brains. Calf, Beef, Sheep, Lamb, Pig. Wash carefully put cooking water to which has been added 1 tablespoon vinegar to 1 quart water. Simmer 15 minutes. Cool in cooking liquid or blanch in cold water. Remove skin and membrane. Allow one pair for 3 persons.

Heart. Calf, Beef, Lamb, Pig. Remove veins and arteries. Wash thoroughly. To stuffed make pocket cavity for stuffing. Requires longer cooking. Veal and lamb hearts are more tender. One calf's heart makes one person. A beef heart may weigh 4 to 5 pounds and

Kidneys. Veal, Beef, Sheep, Lamb, Pig. Soak in cold salted water for one hour. Remove outer membrane and cut out fat and tubes. Wash in several waters. Cook in boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Drain and add sauce and stand. Drain well and serve with sauce.

Liver. Calf, Beef, Lamb, Pig. Wash in several waters. Cut in slices one inch thick or less. Remove outer membrane and tubes. Dip in flour and fry in hot fat, or broil, basting with fat. Cook 5 minutes. Do not overcook.

Sweetbreads. Veal, Lamb. Heat soak in cold salted water for one hour. Drain. Cover with boiling water and add 1 teaspoon salt for each cup of water. Cook 20 minutes. Drain and plunge into cold water. Remove membrane and fat. Lard or cover with fat pork and broil or bake, basting frequently with fat. Serve with a garnish of parsley.

Tripe. Plain and Honeycomb. Tripe is partly cooked. Wash in three waters with soda in first and salt in second. Cut in pieces and cook until tender in boiling water to cover. Add 1 teaspoon salt for each pound of tripe. Cook 3 to 5 hours. Drain. Cut in slices or strips.

Tail. Ox. Beef. Pig. Have butcher saw tails in pieces. Wash. Cook in slowly or simply

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Grapes	Stewed Pears	Genuine	Sliced	Apple Sauce	Grapefruit	Bananas with
Whole Grain	Cereal	Cereal	Pineapple	Salt Codfish	Cereal	Orange Juice
Cereal	Broiled Bacon	Scrambled	Cereal	Balls	Golden-rod Eggs	Cereal
French Toast	Grated Carrot	Eggs	Rolled Omelet	Hashed	on Toast	Rocamond
Marmalade	Griddle Cakes	Milk Toast	with Left-Over	Potatoes	Milk or Cafe	Muffins
Milk or Coffee	Coffee	Coffee	Chicken Livers	Toast	Substitute	Marmalade
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Toast	Coffee	Coffee	Coffee
Cream of	Oysters	Cooked Beef	Coffee	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*
Celery Soup	Casserole	Hash	*Luncheon*	Indian or	Tomato Juice	Tomato Juice
Croutons	Cabbage and	Apple	Succotash	French Pea	Bouillon	Bouillon
Toasted	Fruit Slaw	Sauce	Squash	Soup	Potato Hash	Tid-bit Beef
Hamburger	Quick	Spiced Beets	Biscuit	Bread Sticks	Broiled	Stew
Sandwiches	Yeast	Golden	Apple Dices	Bananas or	Oatmeal	Glazed
Ambrosia	Biscuit	Cornbread	Cream	Apple Sauce	Custard Pudding	Potatoes
Cookies	Cookies	Spanish	*Dinner*	Gingerbread	*Dinner*	Eggplant
Coffee	Coffee	Pie	Chicken	Tea	Oyster Soup	Fritters
Dinner	Substitute	Tea	Croquettes	*Dinner*	Old-Fashioned	Spiced
Sauerkraut and	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	(Left-Overs)	Broiled Fish	Onion Soup	Cauliflower
Tomato	Cold	Roast Beef	Canned Peas	with Lemon	Thick Sliced	Celery and
Cocktail	Spareribs	with Dressing	Spiced Fruit	Sauce	Cold Ham	Orange Salad
Roasted	or Pork	Gallantine	Pickles	Mashed	Fried	Parmesan Tarts
Spareribs of	(Left-Overs)	Sauce	Raw Cauliflower	Potatoes	Potatoes	Ice Cream
Pork	Sweet	Tea Biscuit	Salad with	Broccoli	Buttered	Cookies
Steamed Apples	Potatoes	Cabbage or	Tomatoes	Cucumber	Beets	Coffee
Candied Sweet	Baked with	Cucumber	Salad Dressing	and	Pickled Peaches	*Supper*
Potatoes	Apples	Salad	Apricot and	Tomato Salad	Bread	Cheese Soufflé
Spinach	Turnip	Spiced Fruit	Prune	Salad	Cookies	Potatoes
with	Salad	Cakes	Upside Down	Dressing	Tea	Preserves
Lemon	Pineapple	Canned Lima	Cake with	Harvest Time	Sandwiches	Sandwich Bread
Vinegar	Orange Cake	Beans	Whipped Cream	Sherbet	Cocoa	Hot Tea
Custard		Jumbles				

You can add the cooked brain to scrambled eggs or other foods or serve them as further. Quite broiled they're most delicious as and as tasty as steak.

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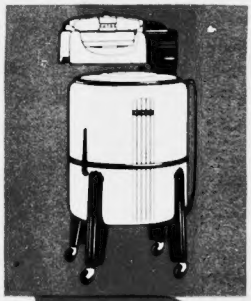
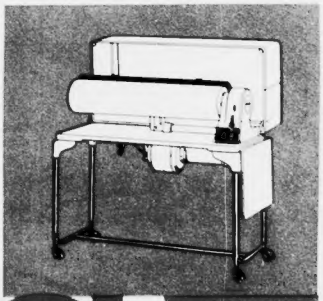
Vitally different in every feature. Only Norge gives you all these features: sealed-in-oil Autobuilt transmission—steam-soaked rubber feather-weight agitator—and lifetime lubricated motor. You'll get greater economy, longer life, more use value from a Norge Autobuilt Washer. Ask for a demonstration and prove it to yourself.

NORGE DUOTROL IRONER

The Duotrol Ironer offers new ironing freedom with two-speed controls, adjustable tensions, double thermostatic heat control, and a world of other plus-values. Heat trap dome makes operation cooler—cuts current costs. Complete your home laundry with a Norge Duotrol Ironer and gain extra hours of leisure.

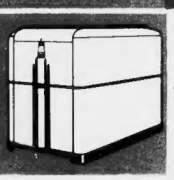




NORGE

NORGE FINE-AIR CONDITIONING FURNACE

The Norge Fine-Air Conditioning Furnace is able to deliver up to twice the amount of heat usually extracted from fuel by old-fashioned heating equipment. Gives you complete winter air conditioning. Get full details at once!



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GENERAL EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

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